

At Least You're Here

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At Least You're Here

by [SaltyDonuts](#)

Summary

Peter's lost everything. He's lost everyone he loves. Even Johnny, the love of his life.

When he thinks he dies too, he wakes up 11 years in the past. He's 15 again, and Tony just wants to help his kid.

AKA sad peter + some irondad and spideytorch

Notes

I have this whole story written already plus the epilogue so no delays in updating!!

TW!! TW!! for SUICIDAL IDEALIZATION & MAJOR CHARACTER DEATH

Lonely Streets

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Peter couldn't do it anymore.

He didn't want to keep going.

He just witnessed Johnny Storm's light escape his eyes. He wished he hadn't but he also doesn't regret it. He was glad he was able to tell Johnny he loved him one more time, and Johnny told him he loved Peter too.

Peter thought, for a moment, what if things had been different? What if Peter's spidey sense was quicker? He quickly swept that thought under the rug. There was nothing left to do. His light was gone.

With a choked sob, he gently kissed the hero's forehead and smiled softly as a waterfall of tears fell down his cheeks. Unable to stop the tears, he looked up and swore that the world lost some color.

Peter didn't want to keep fighting.

His uncle was dead. Gwen was dead. Harry was dead. His aunt was dead. Hell, half if not most of the people he knew were dead or had left him. And now, Johnny was gone too. It seemed like everyone left his life eventually.

Sometimes, he wondered why everyone around him left except him. Sometimes, he wondered if this was a cruel punishment because of some past life he had.

Peter wanted it to be over.

But he gathered all his physical strength to get back up. To stand back up even if he was empty.

It happened in a few seconds, he realized. But in the moment, it felt long and final. Out of nowhere, a blinding light engulfed his vision. He was forced to squint. He heard the distant sound of metal whirring nearby.

Peter didn't really feel the pain. He assumed this was a concoction of a villain who hated him. It seemed like a powerful type of beam that would probably burn him to a crisp, and only leaving his burnt remains. It'd be really fucking gross.

He suddenly thought of Johnny. He didn't deserve to have his body mangled like this. Sue didn't deserve to find her brother's body burnt beyond recognition. As the machine seemingly got ready to emit its deadly beam, Peter practically threw himself onto Johnny's body to cover him.

As he laid on the corpse of his long-time boyfriend and probably the love of his life, he thought about his life. Those he saved, those he failed. The people he had disappointed to go save the city. His private life was destroyed by his vigilantism. Peter guessed that's why, in the end, he ended up trusting the famous superhero family and two other vigilantes. At one point, probably after MJ had cut off ties with him, he completely gave up on trying to maintain his private life separate.

He was so tired of death everywhere he went. He was so tired of the personal responsibility that had weighed on his shoulders half of his goddamn life. He was tired of fighting. He was tired of

trying.

Peter didn't mind going.

—

He awoke with a jolt. With his legs doing a violent jerk, he snapped his eyes open.

He sat up on his bed and looked around a bit. This was his room from when he lived with May. He saw the Star Wars posters and the stacks of books on his desk. The last time his room looked like this he was still in high school.

Wasn't his time up? Was this Heaven? He stood up and the floor creaked slightly as he placed the bottoms of his feet against the carpeted wood.

The strong scent of corn syrup coupled with Aunt May's humming he was able to hear with his enhanced hearing made him smile. Everything blurred as he thought about how much he missed this. He figured this was some sort of afterlife. He hoped it was a gift from the world as a thank you. Because maybe being Spider-man did make a difference in his city.

He stood up and suddenly it felt like the weight of the world was off of his shoulders. All the guilt, the grief, and the regret. Because this was a thank you wrapped up with a nice bow. It was all gone now because he was dead. Being dead meant you got to feel relief again.

He let his tears fall again as he looked at his bedroom door. Nothing mattered anymore. He was dead, and Aunt May was here. Since he was long gone, this meant Uncle Ben was back too. Peter hadn't felt this at peace in years.

He picked up his scratched up phone from his nightstand and checked the date. A Saturday. Of course it was. His Heaven wouldn't have school in it.

He walked to the kitchen in his pajamas. As soon as he sat down at the dining table, May turned around and Peter's heart felt even lighter. There she was, smiling, holding a stack of three pancakes with syrup drizzled on top.

She placed the pancakes on the table, "How'd you sleep, Pete?"

Peter froze.

Peter turned around in the bed half awake and was met with those familiar blue eyes. Johnny smiled, "How'd you sleep, Pete?"

"Peter?" He blinked away his memory and looked back up at Aunt May.

"Good. I slept really good last night."

"Great until your annoying ass woke me up." Johnny chuckled as he began playing with Peter's hair.

Peter stuffed his mouth with a pancake. If he was dead, he'd see Johnny again. He just had to wait a little.

He played with his second pancake a little, "Hey, Aunt May?"

"Yeah?" She sat down across from him with two pancakes.

"Where's Uncle Ben?" Peter put another piece of pancake in his mouth. He looked up and found Aunt May staring at him. Frozen.

She gave him a small smile, "I know it's been a tough year. Do you wanna visit him later? I don't work today, so it's okay with me."

No, no, it's all wrong.

"Do you wanna stop and get some flowers too? Maybe the blue ones he liked if Shop Rite has any."

Oh god, no.

Suddenly the pancake in his mouth felt like a dry sponge soaked in raw, thick honey. The weight on his shoulders came back and it felt ten times heavier. The room felt hot and cold at the same time. His chest felt tight and he couldn't breathe right anymore.

Everyone's dead. Everyone's dead. None of this is real. Everyone's dead and you're all alone. Alone. Alone. Alone. Dead. Alone. Dead.

"Yeah, uh, May I'll be back. I just remembered I have to drop something off at uh--"

"Oh, right! I forgot you have a big Chemistry project to do with Ned! Wait, what about your clothes--"

"I'll be back." He said in a rush as he shut their apartment door and jogged aimlessly outside.

Oh god, he was gonna *purge*.

Quickly, he snuck into an alleyway and scanned the area. He was gonna try to find a trash can but settled for the hard cement ground. Same difference.

When he was done, he messily wiped his mouth with the bottom of his oversized shirt, and leaned against the cleaner part of the wall.

He closed his eyes and sucked in a ragged breath.

"That was kinda gross not gonna lie."

Peter knew that voice. He opened his eyes and looked at where it came from.

What the *fuck* .

“You... you know me?”

The scarred man stared at him for a moment. He furrowed his eyebrows, “Maybe, maybe not.” He replied as he played with the strings of his black hoodie.

He stopped leaning on the wall and kept staring at the man, “How, uh, how old are you?”

“Listen, kid, I’m not into pedophilia-“

“What the fuck, I’m— *oh* . I just realized how that sounded. And I am, in fact, a minor now.” He looked away. Peter cleared his throat and thought for a few seconds. “Your name’s Wade, right? Wade Wilson?”

Wade looked at him with a face mixed with confusion and offense. “Yeeeaah,” he said, dragging out his answer.

“Are you Deadpool?” Peter asked, hoping for the best.

To his surprise (well, when does this guy ever not surprise Peter), Wade smiled, “Oh my gosh! I have a fan?”

Peter couldn’t help it, it was contagious. He smiled back, “Guess you could say that.” It was at that moment that Peter realized he was not in Heaven. If he was, Ben would be here. He was also not in Hell. If he was, May wouldn’t have been so nice. So where the fuck was he? His eyes darted around the disgusting alleyway.

Oh shit.

He was in the past. Wade was clearly just beginning to be Deadpool.

And- and-

“I know it’s been a tough year. Do you wanna visit him later? I don’t work today, so it’s okay with me.”

Peter was fifteen years old and still using a Stark suit.

Oh God, *Tony Stark* .

Oh shit, *Ned* .

Oh fuck, *Michelle* .

Goddamn.

Was he supposed to change the course of history— or future? Was he supposed to just relive his entire Spider-man career for the rest of eternity as some kind of punishment? Why didn’t the light beam shit just kill him like it should have? Why him? Could he tell anyone? What-

“Are you gonna take a shit?”

Peter snapped out of his internal dilemma. “What?”

“It looks like you’re about to take a shit. Also, why are you in your pajamas, it’s twelve o’clock in the afternoon. Actually, never mind. I don’t wanna know. Actually, maybe I do-”

“I need to go.” He turned to leave.

He stopped walking. Fuck it.

Peter turned back around, “You should ask double D for some advice on this whole vigilante shtick.” He turned and kept walking until he was lost in the crowds of New York City.

Wait.

He didn’t live in NYC yet. He still lived in *Manhattan*.

God, this was nostalgic. He just didn’t know whether it was a good nostalgia or bad nostalgia.

Chapter End Notes

updates every two days!! since today’s tuesday, next chapter will be up friday!

The Universe Hates Peter

Chapter Summary

The short brunette walked towards the — technically— vigilante. Peter didn't say another word. Tony Stark slapped his back and loudly exclaimed, "Time to head home, kiddo."

Chapter Notes

and tony makes his grand entrance!!

TW for SUICIDAL THOUGHTS

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was Sunday now. He was still in his pajamas. He smelled like shit. Literal shit. He hadn't gone home since he "went to Ned's to work on a project." He also never bothered to bring his phone. Mainly because he had been having a breakdown when he left the apartment. Peter was sitting alone in an alleyway. Yes, again, in an alleyway. Don't judge him, he felt at home with all the trash around him.

See, he had thought about going back home the day before. But now that he knew he was in the past, he knew May would die. He knew a lot of people would die. Hence, if he failed to save them, it'd be on him. Hence, making the already heavy weight on him even heavier. He was never the type to just give up, but he didn't really have much... willpower anymore. So, Peter figured if he just died slowly in an alleyway, he wouldn't have to hold all that responsibility.

Sorry, Uncle Ben. Peter's tired.

The thing was, dying of starvation and dehydration proved to be a long process. And he really didn't want to make the effort to try to get pills to overdose. Pills also weren't *guaranteed* to kill him since he was enhanced. Getting a gun would also be difficult. And so would something sharp. Plus, even if he did slit his own throat or cut his wrists, it wasn't guaranteed he'd die. With his super healing and all.

Why was dying so much work?

When he decided to die the day before, he sat down in a dirty alleyway that was secluded. He has been in the same spot ever since. Sure, during his time there he got bored and took a couple of naps. But, now he realized he might as well try getting up.

He really did not have the motivation or energy.

There were two dollars next to him from people who had passed him who had thought he was homeless. He had no idea why they were in this alleyway, but he decided not to think about it.

He stared at those two dollars. For about five solid minutes.

It was then that he heard repulsors. He froze. He knew those repulsors very well. He also knew the owner of those repulsors.

Peter did not want to deal with either.

With his spidey sense screaming at him, he grabbed the two dollars and bolted out of that alleyway. Quickly, he speed walked through the crowds of Queens towards a McDonalds. He rapidly opened and shut the door of the fast food restaurant.

Apparently he had shut it quite violently judging from the stares. He smiled, "Sorry about that."

Surely, Tony Stark wouldn't enter a McDonalds. Even without a suit, he'd attract too much attention therefore risking Peter's secret identity. Surely, Iron Man would not risk revealing his identity. *Surely*.

He slapped the two dollars on the counter, "Can I get some fries?" He asked with his best smile. The cashier gave him a look, but then she shrugged and routinely typed on her cash register.

He waited for the fries with a fast beating heart. It was hammering against his chest, and he *really wished Johnny was here*. After what seemed like an eternity, the lady came back with a bag with the blessed french fries inside. He grabbed it with the crunch of the paper bag resulting from it. He just needed to leave and *go somewhere far from Queens*.

That is, until a loud thud sounded from outside the McDonalds's glass doors. Everyone turned around to stare including Peter. He knew who it was. Of course he did.

But, *surely*, the universe wasn't this cruel. *Surely*.

And, of course. By now, Peter Parker could indeed ratify and confirm that the universe was indeed very cruel. It also seemed to have a vendetta against him.

In all his billionaire glory, the Tony Stark entered the shitty restaurant with that shit-eating grin. And those fucking sunglasses. Who even wears sunglasses at night? And inside? And that fucking suit probably cost millions.

"Shit."

The short brunette walked towards the— technically— vigilante. Peter didn't say another word. Tony Stark slapped his back and loudly exclaimed, "Time to head home, kiddo."

Now, Peter has been through a lot. And through all of that, *home* had become something very specific to Peter. Something very rare. Something very special. Something very precious.

Something very short-lived and long gone.

Home made Peter feel happy. *Home* made him feel loved. *Home* had people he met and loved and then helped him to love again. *Home* was for the people in his life who had appreciated him. *Home* was for people better than him. *Home* was for the people who managed to see through all of his ugly exterior.

"Go home, Peter. It's okay."

“Harry, I’m so sorry, please-“

People who cut off contact with you when you were about to turn seventeen and acted like you were just a passing thought in their life weren’t invited. People who never seemed to appreciate you and used you as backup for a petty Civil War *weren’t fucking invited* .

Yeah, Peter realized he was an asshole. He knew this for a while. And he accepted the title of an annoying asshole. Peter knew that sentence held no real meaning. He knew Tony Stark didn’t put much thought into it. He was aware of how much of a big deal he was making it.

That didn’t mean he wasn’t pissed off.

So, he went with his instincts, and the next thing Peter knew he was punching Tony Stark across his face. His sunglasses fell with a *clang* , but Tony Stark didn’t fall. He just put his hand on his cheek.

Peter was huffing. He was aware. He was aware of how fucking insane he probably looked.

That didn’t make him feel any different.

“Shut the fuck up.” He snapped as he walked around Stark and stomped out of the McDonalds.

He speed walked through the sidewalk. As usual, he didn’t know where he was going. He was looking down the entire time. Watching his bare feet step on all kinds of dirty shit he’d rather not think about.

A strong hand grabbed his arm. He sighed and turned around.

Peter was met with a disheveled Tony Stark with an expression he didn’t feel like figuring out the meaning of. He could process that his mouth was slightly downturned and his eyebrows were furrowed. They didn’t point upwards to show worry. They also didn’t point downwards to show anger. They were just furrowed. Therefore Peter didn’t feel like figuring out how Tony Stark felt after he punched him in an almost empty McDonalds.

“Kid, whether you like it or not, I’m taking you home.”

“What if I don’t wanna go home?”

“I’m still taking you back.”

“What if I leave again? Are you just gonna keep finding me every time I leave my apartment for a long time until it eventually becomes an endless loop of me leaving and you looking for me? If that’s the case, please tell me now so I can start wearing more comfortable clothes and some comfy sneakers-“

“Kid, just shut up and come with me.”

“Right, because I’m definitely not.” He snatched his arm from the billionaire’s hand. The short man stared at him for a total of two seconds before summoning his suit out of nowhere and picking up Peter.

For the first few seconds, he couldn’t process what was happening. Until he felt the hard fucking air assault his face as the glorious Iron Man seemingly pierced through the air.

“This is illegal, and it’s called kidnapping!” Peter yelled as loud as he could. Of course, he was ignored.

And that meant Peter was going to keep going. Because he never stopped talking.

“If I break all of my bones because of how hard the wind is hitting me, I’m suing you and taking ownership of your entire company!”

And suddenly, their little trip had come to a stop as Peter was placed on the ground.

Of a roof.

Tony Stark stepped out of that impossibly sparkling clean vibranium suit and looked at him with that same look. Peter just stared at him. Tony Stark’s left cheek was very red. “Could’ve at least warned me we were gonna take a trip-“

“Peter, what’s going on?” For a moment, he wondered if he should just say the truth and see if there was a way to make him dead again. Maybe they could even contact Doctor Strange and this timeline could have its fifteen year old, bright-eyed Peter with his whole life ahead of him back. For a moment, Peter wondered what’d happen if he was honest for once in his life.

“Nothing.” Tony Stark looked disappointed.

“Kid, just spill it. Your Aunt May’s getting worried. Why’d I find you in McDonalds in dirty pajamas after you told your aunt yesterday you were gonna work on some project?”

“Felt like it.” Tony Stark stared at him. This time he did look worried. His eyebrows were furrowed, pointing upwards. Peter crossed his arms against his chest. Stark started talking. About something. Peter wasn’t really listening. From where he was standing, he had a great view of the Statue of Liberty.

Peter put his hands on his hips, “Y’know, the view’s actually really nice up here.” He looked down at Johnny who was sitting down next to him. Suddenly, he had a ridiculous grin on his face as he turned to look up at Peter.

“We should watch the sunset here!”

Peter snorted, “How cliché can you be?”

“Shut up, it’s romantic.” He winked. Oh God, was Peter catching feelings?

“Hey, kid, you even listening to me?” Peter was literally snapped back into reality when Stark snapped his fingers in front of his face.

“Yeah, totally.” Stark got an annoyed look on his face.

“What’d I just tell you?”

“That you’ll let me go back to McDonalds to get my fries and eat in peace?” Tony Stark groaned.

“Why don’t you wanna go back home, Peter?”

Peter couldn't tell him the truth. He couldn't tell him it was because he went back in time for seemingly no reason. He couldn't tell him it was because he was supposed to be *burnt and long dead*. He couldn't tell him it was because of the overwhelming guilt and regret and hopelessness eating him up from the inside out.

He couldn't tell him he had a small part of him that wanted to just disappear.

So he thought of the perfect reply in the history of replies. The peak of human evolution and intellect. Because Peter was *oh so smart*.

"I'm supposed to be dead."

Yeah, he told him the half-truth instead.

"What?"

Oh boy.

Chapter End Notes

next chapter will be up on monday 7/13!! let me know if you guys liked this in the comments!!

Trial & Error

Chapter Summary

Peter spills the beans, Dr. Strange makes a cameo, and Bruce is confused

Chapter Notes

heyhey!! chapter three!! yay!!

TW: DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTER DEATH

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Is this about taking down the Vulture? Listen-“

“No, I literally died.” Tony Stark had an unusually large amount of confusion written on his face.

“Can you elaborate?”

Peter took a deep breath and stood up straight, “I’m from the future. I died and for some reason I’m here,” he looked away from Stark and uncrossed his arms, “again.”

He looked back at him and saw that Stark seemed frozen. Peter waved his hand in front of Stark’s face, “Can you not have an existential crisis right now?”

“How far into the future?”

Peter kept on his best poker face, “I’m, or *was*, twenty-six.” He saw Stark think for a moment and then the man began dialing a number on his phone. “Whoa, who’re you—“

He finished dialing and hadn’t pressed the Call button yet, “I am going to call your aunt, explain everything, and then she’ll pick you up so Banner and I can figure everything out.”

He *couldn’t* see Aunt May. He knew if he saw her again he’d-

It was late at night, he didn’t even know why Aunt May had insisted on getting him a birthday gift at this time. She had forgotten, but it was okay, she was a busy woman.

He decided to step outside their apartment for a bit for a quick breath. It was weird, but he liked stepping outside to breathe for a couple of minutes every once in a while.

He wished he never did.

He’d find out eventually, but not like this. God, not like this.

An ambulance sped past him. Its sirens blaring as Peter just watched it pass in the hot summer

night. He followed the ambulance, running. He was used to following commotion, he was Spider-man.

He saw a crowd of five people gasping and surrounding a body. The ambulance arrived a few seconds before.

There she was. Suddenly every noise cancelled out as Peter stared at her. He couldn't hear anything. He couldn't feel anything. He couldn't think. He couldn't move. He couldn't say anything. Everything was frozen because, fuck, there was so much blood, and she wasn't moving. Her phone was cracked on the ground in what seemed like a desperate attempt to call someone. Her pockets seemed like they were violently emptied, and her empty wallet with her license poking out laid empty almost completely out of her pocket. She was on the ground, there was a bullet hole on her chest that would not stop bleeding, and shit, she wasn't moving.

Some hand shoved him out of the way, but he couldn't stop looking.

He couldn't hear anything because her heartbeat wasn't there anymore.

He couldn't breathe because right next to her was a small, cheap ice cream cake in a plastic box that seemed in perfect shape.

Aunt May was dead because she wanted to get him a birthday gift.

When he eventually got back home he realized he had left his phone on the kitchen table. There was a missed call from May.

Peter couldn't bear to see her alive again without breaking down somehow. He couldn't. He couldn't do that, he wouldn't be able to handle it.

Why was living so much work?

"No, wait," he chuckled while putting his hands up, "you don't have to call her. I can help you! I can give you info--"

"Peter, I don't know how the hell you can help," and that's all Peter ended up hearing because everything became muffled. He stared at the phone that displayed her number.

He blinked his eyes as he entered reality again and looked up at the man he once trusted.

"Peter?"

Peter smiled, "I'm fine, just don't call Aunt May, please?" Stark stared at him.

"Then what am I supposed to say when she asks me if I found you?"

Peter thought for a second, "That I'm gonna work on a big project with you?" He smiled at him awkwardly as he saw Stark think through it. Finally, the man sighed.

"Fine, but I'm still calling her later." Stark started dialing another number, "For now, I'm getting us to the tower to get this all figured out."

The helicopter ride was pretty quiet and awkward. Peter just mostly kept to himself and stared out the window. Every now and then he glanced at Tony Stark and would see him looking very concentrated while typing away on his phone. And then Peter looked out the window again, but he

was getting bored, so he had to do something.

“We have a pilot, right?” The billionaire seemed too busy to talk, so the pilot was the next best thing.

He looked up to look at Peter, “Huh? No, it’s a self-driving helicopter. Why’d you ask?” Damn, what was Peter supposed to do now?

He shrugged, “Just bored.” He looked down and played his shirt. Now that he looked at it, it was pretty dirty. Probably because he was sitting in a dirty alleyway for two days. He’ll have to ask Tony Stark for some change of clothes. Maybe even a shower. Oh God, how did he smell?

“Kid? You okay? You look horrified, and I’m getting worried.” Peter looked up.

“I’m twenty-six. You can stop calling me a kid.”

“Well, you don’t look it,” Peter was about to groan but the guy kept talking, “anyways, I talked to Banner and he says he’s on his way to help me out with all this.” Peter just looked at him. Wait a fucking minute, how was Peter this stupid?

“Hold on, I know a guy,” he smiled.

Stark stared at him for what felt like an entire minute before he spoke, “*You know a guy?*”

Peter sat up, “Yeah, we’re basically like besties.”

“No.”

Peter walked over and started stroking Strange’s cape, “Please? I can repay in other ways,” he said while wiggling his eyebrows.

He snatched his cape out of Peter’s reach, “I don’t know if you realized, but you’re currently underage and incredibly illegal.”

“So you’d smash if my body was eighteen is what you’re saying.”

Strange groaned, “Spider-man, please shut up for once.”

“That’s not a no, so I’m assuming-“

“I am not going to reverse whatever happened to you. Not now and not ever.” Strange quickly glanced at Tony before looking back at Peter.

The vigilante crossed his arms and frowned, “So what am I supposed to do? Just relive every single fucking thing over again?” And then Strange gave him a look that... he did not understand. Come on, Peter wasn’t psychic.

Strange sighed, “Stark, can you give us a minute?” The billionaire was about to retort, but instead he reluctantly went out of the room. “Parker, this all has an end goal. You were supposed to come here. Don’t worry, someone will get here eventually and tell you everything. But I cannot tell you anything right now.”

Peter was so confused. “But, why? Why me?” *Why not Johnny?* He wanted to say. He knew Johnny would do better than him. Peter didn’t think he was stable enough to do anything in the past alone. Why’d it have to be Peter? Why not someone more honorable like Captain Marvel? She was still alive, right?

Strange sighed, “I can’t tell you that-“

“Why’re you being so cryptic? Just tell me-“

“I cannot afford you making a silly mistake and proceed to ruin everything, Spider-man.”

“So, when can I go back?”

“That, I am not so sure. Time is very complex. You could go back tomorrow, or you could go back in five years.”

Peter stood there. Just for a few seconds he remembered everything he had done these past years. The people he met. The people he failed to save. The ones he did save. *Everything* . And all for what? For him to see them all die in his arms again because he was *that* destructive?

“Gwen, wake up, he’s gone. Green Goblin’s gone. Gwen, c’mon, please don’t do this-“

He decided not to keep thinking.

“Stark, you can come back.” Strange said.

“Jesus, you a wizard or something?” The billionaire quipped.

“Both of you, leave.” Peter snorted at Strange’s usual kind and friendly ways of telling people to leave.

“Hold on, so what do we do? How can we get the actual Peter to come back?” Peter raised his eyebrows at the “actual Peter” part.

“We don’t.”

Peter looked up and saw Stark dawning an incredibly frustrated face that held some worry in it. He thought for a moment and figured that this Stark would probably miss a youthful and naïve Peter to joke around with and mentor. He knew that Stark had actually cared about him at some point quite a bit. Hell, he was a father-figure to him. He still remembered the late nights in his lab working on Spider-man and Iron Man upgrades. He never really understood the motives behind Stark’s disappearance from Peter’s life.

He took a deep breath and stood up, “You heard the man, Stark! It’s time for me to get my fries, and for you to go back to your business meetings.”

“No! Listen, there’s gotta be a way to fix this, there’s *always a way*.”

Peter would try to find a way with Stark. He usually always found a way. But, with all that Strange said (which wasn’t much), he decided to just wait and see. Yeah, a living hell waited for him here, but a lifeless world waited for him if he went back. An empty life. Everyone who mattered, who kept him going, was gone for good. Yeah, he was usually a loner in the superhero biz, but he

always had at least someone to go back home to. Now he didn't. He couldn't risk Stark ruining whatever this turned out to be.

He turned to Stark, "Just drop it, I'm still Peter Parker, right?" He turned to face Peter and opened his mouth, but before he could, the ground disappeared beneath them and they were dropped into the middle of Stark's lab. "Oh no, I think I broke my ass cheeks."

"You can't break your ass cheeks—" Peter stood up and briefly rubbed said ass cheeks. "Pete, just to be clear, you're mentally twenty-seven, right?"

He looked over at him, "Twenty-six."

The man ran his fingers through his hair, "Right. Jesus, you're already basically an adult. Minus the physical features, of course." He finally stood up, "Anyways, time to get to work with Banner about what to do about this whole mess because *the guy you knew* clearly wasn't gonna help."

Peter turned to look at him with wide eyes, "No no no no, you're not gonna try to revert this back to normal."

Stark narrowed his eyes, "Why?" Peter fell silent. Suddenly the billionaire's eyes softened a bit, "Kid, if whoever or whatever killed you in the future brought you to the present, clearly they wanted you gone somehow. So, if we set this back to how it was, you can probably go back to the future and defeat whoever did this, and we can have our teenage Peter back."

Peter was completely and utterly *fucked*. Tony Stark was set on getting his teenage self back, and Peter couldn't just say, "*Hey, how about we don't because I'm part of a super secret plan that you can't ruin at all, but I don't know if I'm going back to my timeline in five minutes or a decade!*" Peter also wasn't stupid. He knew that if Strange didn't inform Stark of whatever this situation was, that meant that Stark wasn't supposed to be involved. The guy was picky and stingy with things to get the desired results.

"You can't! I, uh, I need to do something really important here first!" He kept on his best serious face, of course. Obviously, there was the chance that Banner and Stark would never be able to bring their teenage Peter back. But there was always the risk that they'd find a loophole. They were the *Avengers*. That's what they *did*.

"What? Peter—" he paused and looked at him for a second or two, "You're serious?" Peter nodded as his heart started beating faster.

"Tony?" Oh shit, it was Banner, "What happened with Peter?" He asked hastily as his eyes darted between said web-slinger and Tony Stark.

"Nothing. Nothing's wrong, I'm completely fine," he smiled. Banner raised an eyebrow and looked at Tony for confirmation.

"It's fine, he managed to prank me into thinking he was someone from another dimension." Okay, so that lie was weirdly on the nose for him traveling through the multiverse before, but nobody needed to know that.

Banner blinked, "Uh, okay then." Peter stayed where he was, smiling awkwardly. "Since I'm already here, I actually wanted to go over something I found with you." And just like that, the scientist seemed to forget the fiasco. Stark gave him a look that was definitely good news, and Peter let out a breath he didn't know he was holding.

This was definitely going to be a ride.

Chapter End Notes

yall like it?? lemme know in the comments!! they make me happy :)) next chapter will be up on thursday!!

Flashbacks

Chapter Summary

peter thinks about johnny and tony's missing his 15 yr old peter

Chapter Notes

hey guys!! chapter 4 here we go!!

TW: CHARACTER DEATH DESCRIPTION & BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF PANIC ATTACK

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

So, Stark had managed to convince Aunt May to let Peter stay at the Tower for a couple of days. Maybe a week. At least until Peter had everything fresh in his mind because almost everything he did now felt like déjà vu. That's how he ended up deep in concentration on the bed in the room Stark had for him just in case.

While he was catching up on everything again by scrolling through his camera roll and some random news articles, it dawned on him that he was fifteen. *Fifteen*. The only actual villain he'd fought so far had been the Vulture. Sure, he had gotten some trauma from the building falling on him, but compared to everything else, he was a light villain. Now, if he remembered right, the next guy on the list would be the Scorpion. Peter's pretty sure he had broken out of jail, gotten to Toomes's resources, and made his infamous suit.

Ugh, he *really* hoped that whatever happened would happen before he'd have to deal with the Mountain Dew spitting man-bug.

As Peter sat there in the dark of the coming night, his mind inevitably landed on Johnny Storm.

Sure, Peter had dated a few people before him, but Johnny was *different*. Not just his personality, in the way they cared for each other. With anyone else, Peter could imagine a break up and an end and then moving on with his life. With Johnny, he just *couldn't* imagine being with anyone else.

He thought about their first date when Peter was twenty-three and Johnny was twenty-four. It was new for both of them and a little odd. They had been the best of friends, practically inseparable, since they were teenagers. The date was at a random festival that Johnny flew them to. After that, they kept going on dates. Eventually, after a year together, they slept with each other, and Peter would be lying if he said he's had better sex before Johnny.

After two years together, they moved in. They still lived together up until... *that*.

Johnny coughed and some blood splattered around his mouth. He smiled that smile he always gave

Peter after they woke up late one morning with nothing to do that day.

His eyes were tired, and Peter's breathing got quicker. "Hey, Pete, c'mon."

Peter couldn't stop his face from looking utterly distressed, he never got over showing all of his feelings on his face. Johnny was in his arms, and he was dying. He was dying, and Peter couldn't breathe.

"Pete, calm down, it's gonna be okay, alright?" Except it wasn't because Johnny was everything to Peter.

"Johnny, please don't- don't say that. You're gonna- you're gonna get back up, okay?" He choked on the last word because he knew he'd never see those blue eyes light up again whenever Peter said they were going to the mall.

"I don't... I can't, Pete. But you'll be okay, alright? I love you so so much, okay?" Peter's breath hitched and he felt more warm tears pooling from his eyes. He nodded frantically at him.

"I- I love you too, flame-brain. God, I-" He sniffled. Johnny let out a small huff of a laugh.

And then his eyes closed. And then his body went limp in Peter's arms.

And then Peter's heart shattered.

Peter blinked as he tried getting his mind back to the present. He hurriedly wiped the tears that had escaped his eyes. He felt his heart start beating way too fast, and his breathing was shallow. He looked around and took in his surroundings.

He was in the Stark Tower. He could hear the air conditioner whirring, Banner and Stark's voices downstairs, and his own breathing.

He could see the door of the room, the few Star Wars posters taped to the walls, and the pristine floor.

He could feel the bed he was sitting on, the clothes loosely hanging on him, and the phone in his hands.

Peter took a deep breath and calmed himself down. That moment was over, and it had happened already. He wasn't on that street anymore.

He probably wasn't sleeping tonight.

Right now, he just had to wait for whatever Strange knew was going to happen to him to happen.

He may have been forgetting something else, but he didn't pay much mind. It probably wasn't very important.

Turns out it was very important.

Way too important. So important Peter couldn't believe he had forgotten about it.

Turns out what Banner wanted to show Stark was a spaceship that had crashed late at night in Central Park. And no, they hadn't told them. Obviously, he was eavesdropping.

"And look at the footage. One of them looks like they're made out of some kind of rock, the other guy can stretch in ways only rubber can, the woman can turn invisible, and the kid can light himself on fire without burning."

"Bruce, are you trying to tell me there are new superheroes?" Said scientist nodded, "Are they with SHIELD?"

"No. Nobody knows who they are yet, but SHIELD's looking into it. I think."

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuckfuckfuckfuck

Peter wasn't ready yet. Especially since they would have no idea who he was, but just like everything else in his life, it never went how he wanted it to. He knew it was the Fantastic Four, hell, their powers were too unique to confuse or forget.

Even more so when the group of heroes were like Peter's family. Not in a parent sort of way, he just... cared way too much about them. They did so much for him. They helped him, defended him, and gave him a *home*.

They were too precious to him.

In that moment, when his heart was beating too fast for his liking, Peter decided to go out for a swing.

As he put on the suit that was for some reason neatly folded in the drawer of his room in the tower, he couldn't help but feel himself already feeling lighter. Quickly, he threw his mask on and jumped out the window of his room.

"Hello Peter."

Peter jumped a bit at the voice, "Holy shit, what the fuck."

"I'd expect you to be used to my presence by now, Peter."

He quickly landed on a random tower, "Right, right. Karen, the AI in this suit. Can you, uh, turn yourself off for now?"

"Sure, Peter."

He breathed out a sigh and let himself fall headfirst as he briefly looked at the New York skyline. Right before he hit the ground, he shot a web and threw his body in the air.

God, it felt good.

Ever since the big battle in his timeline, New York had been a mess of destruction and chaos. When the Empire State Building had been destroyed, he knew his precious city would never be the same again. The worst part was that that was just the beginning of it.

See, the fall of New York City, and, hell, the world, was because of all the villains teaming up to put an end to heroes once and for all. Every single fucking one of them from everywhere in *the world*. Of course, all the heroes on Earth teamed up against them. Even the anti-heroes like

Venom and the Punisher joined in on trying to save the world. But, *God* , everyone lost so much.

Mothers, Fathers, brothers, sisters, sons, daughters, husbands, wives, boyfriends, girlfriends, and friends were lost in the war. Fuck, so much was lost in that war. A gruesome, bloody, and heartbreaking war.

Peter had noticed he had stopped on a roof to think about everything. He let out a long sigh and shook his head. He shot a web and went to the top of the Freedom Tower. He took in the view of the beautiful city he had come to love. The rising sun reflecting on the glass buildings.

This was his city.

“Peter, Mr. Stark is calling you.”

“Uh, Karen, don’t pick it up.” Of course, the call went through anyway.

“Kid, where the hell are you?”

“Where are we really? Are we on the edge of the universe? The middle? To the left? Near the bottom? Will we ever know? You know-“

“Jesus, you never stop talking, do you?”

Peter smiled, “Yeah, I get that a lot, but think about it-“

“FRIDAY says you’re on the Freedom Tower. Why the hell are you on top of the Freedom Tower?”

“Because I can. I am a twenty-six year-old adult, and I have rights-“

“Well, for now you’re fifteen, so shut up. Come back to the tower, we need you.” And Peter knew exactly why.

He put his hand on his hip, “This wouldn’t have to do with a certain very specific superhero family, now would it?”

There was a pause. *“Get here, now.”*

When Peter actually got there, he obviously went to the window of the lab.

~**~

Tony turned to see the source of the knocking on the window, and sure enough, it was dipshit grown-up Peter. Okay, listen, it’s not that he hated adult Peter, he just disliked him. A lot.

He was too used to the lovable and hyper kid that asked too many questions and never stopped talking. He was too used to *his kid* . He didn’t really like the company of a smart-talking guy in his late twenties who never shut up. Because with the older Peter, he didn’t shut up, not because of questions or how hyper he was, but it was for the sake of being annoying.

It wasn’t, “Mr. Stark, you won’t believe it! On the way here, I took down these two muggers and you should’ve seen their faces when they saw me! They were actually nervous about Spider-man

finding them! Oh! And there's this upgrade I thought of, look!" Now it was, "Come on, you gotta let me microwave this six-month-old mac and cheese, I swear it'll be fine, I'm superhuman! You know, my friend Logan, he microwaves expired ramen all the time and he's fine! So this stomach is gonna be a-okay, I swear. Y'know, you should take some tips."

Yes, that was an actual thing this twenty-six year old Peter had said to him when he found him in the kitchen at 3 AM. It was less of an endless amount of energy keeping him hyper, and more of a need to constantly annoy everyone around him.

But there were upsides to this whole situation, Tony guessed. He got to see what his kid would turn out to be like. Sure, he was really fucking annoying, but he was also more sure of himself. He stood with more confidence, and his shoulders weren't so tense all the time. His smile was more relaxed too.

Yeah, the silence on the plane ride was unusual for them. Normally, Peter would be going on about something about school or some other silly thing. Instead, there was just awkward fidgeting around from Peter.

And then the knocks on the window became violent. That's when Tony realized he had been spacing out.

He went to open the window, "If you break my window, you're paying."

Peter half-crawled, half-stepped inside, "I'm broke, but I can pay back with the little dignity I have left." Tony sighed and walked over to the holographic screen. He felt Peter walk over to him behind him, "Was I right? Wait, wasn't Banner here earlier?"

Tony pulled up the bad quality recordings from Central Park, "He left a few minutes before I called you." He turned to Peter and was met with white lenses, "You do know you can take that thing off, right?"

Peter stared at him blankly for a few seconds before taking it off and smiling, "Whoops, old habits die hard."

Did Peter not trust him in the future? Or was he just used to a lot of people not knowing his identity as Spider-man?

Tony decided on the latter.

He played the recording and watched Peter watch the recording. Now, there's something he wasn't expecting.

The way he looked at the people in the recording made it seem like he missed them. A lot. His mouth was downturned, and his eyebrows were furrowed upwards.

"You know them?"

Peter snapped his head over at Tony as if he had spaced out, which he probably did, "Uh, yeah."

Silence.

"Care to elaborate?"

Peter jumped, "Oh! Well, the stretchy guy's name's Reed Richards, the invisible lady's Sue Storm, the rocky guy's Ben Grimm, and," he took in a breath, "the fire guy's Johnny Storm." Peter

blinked rapidly as if he were blinking away tears. He looked over at Tony nervously.

And there's that teenage Peter he knew. Sort of. Point is, Peter was being fidgety and nervous as he talked about these guys. Tony gave it his best guess and assumed they were close in the future.

He wondered what they had done for Peter that made him care so much.

"Do you know where we can find them?" Tony said carefully. He knew it was hard to deal with the past. He wasn't going to force Peter to talk about them at a personal level because that's what made Tony uncomfortable too. And he's been working on getting better with the therapy he's been receiving.

He wondered if Peter got therapy.

Peter took a step back and looked away as he crossed his arms, "Well, they live in the Baxter Building. Is that thing built yet?"

Tony furrowed his eyebrows in thought, "No... but there is a new building being built. FRIDAY, pull up footage of that tower around Madison Street in Manhattan."

As the footage got pulled up, he saw Peter perk up at the sight of the building being built, or *was* being built. The thirty-five story building was finished. He pursed his lips before saying, "Yeah, that's it. On 42nd and Madison." A small smile appeared on his lips.

Tony glanced at the time at the corner of the hologram, "It's 7 AM right now, we can grab some breakfast and head over there."

Peter looked at him, confused, "Why are we going?"

"We're just paying our future superhero friends a visit." See, Tony was definitely not stupid nor did he live under a rock. He obviously knew who Dr. Reed Richards was, and he had read his papers on hyperspace in his spare time. He also knew who Dr. Sue Storm was, and he had read her theories on quantum space. The pair were a child prodigies, just like Tony.

Peter had mentioned, albeit extremely vaguely, that he had "something really important to do" in the past. So far, the guy hadn't done anything except swing around New York City and microwave mac and cheese. Sure, it's a little too soon, but if it was so important, wouldn't he be *doing it*?

So, Tony wasn't sure if Peter was telling the entire truth. Hell, this could be Loki again.

No, the reason he wanted to meet up with these new heroes with Peter was to ask Reed Richards for help. That way, it could be done completely professionally. With Bruce, there was the risk of Bruce getting too worried about the entire situation.

There's also the plus that Richards and Storm had also thoroughly looked into the possibility of multiple dimensions existing. That way, Tony could get *his kid* back.

He chugged down the rest of his orange juice and looked over at Peter who was currently inhaling five waffles.

It was about damn time his teenage mentee was back.

did you guys like it?? leave a comment and let me know!! next chapter will be up on sunday!!

I Missed You

Chapter Summary

tony and peter take a trip to the baxter building

Chapter Notes

guess who's back,, back again,, johnny's back

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The car ride to the Baxter Building was the most uncomfortable length of time Tony had ever spent with Peter.

Usually, when he drove Peter and himself somewhere, they'd exchange countless jokes at each other while they both rambled about their day. Peter was normally the one who spoke the most about his day, but it was nice nonetheless.

The awkward silence suffocating him made him realize how much he took those conversations for granted. He glanced to the passenger seat to see Peter scrolling through his phone with a determined expression.

"Whatcha doin' there, kiddo?" He said as he turned his eyes back onto the road.

"I'm not a kid. I'm trying to get on track on what's happening in the world right now in case I have to stay here a while."

Tony remembered the brief encounter with the wizard, "Oh yeah, do you actually have some idea how long it'll take for you to do your 'super duper important' thing?"

He glanced over and saw Peter stiffen a bit at that question, "Uh, I actually- I actually don't really know how long it's actually gonna take. Maybe a few days, maybe- maybe a few years."

Tony froze. The car would've screeched to a stop if FRIDAY didn't keep driving to the building automatically.

"I'm sorry, *years* ?" He looked at Peter.

Peter flinched a bit and looked back at him in the eye, "Maybe."

So, his Peter could be gone for *years* ? He sighed and ran a hand down his face.

He needed to talk to Sue Storm and Reed Richards ASAP.

The rest of the car ride was mostly uneventful after that.

"Holy shit, wait. My growth spurt hasn't hit me yet."

Tony snorted, “Your growth spurt? You’re supposed to have one?” Somehow he found it impossible for Peter to ever grow.

“Shut up, I was 5’10”. That means... oh no, I’m still tiny.” He groaned dramatically and Tony chuckled. He tried not to be shocked at the fact that Peter was going to be slightly taller than him soon given that Tony was a glorious 5’9”.

When they arrived, Tony was impressed as hell. This building seemed to rival his own Stark Tower in terms of technology and grandeur.

Peter went ahead of Tony and just stood in front of the door while waiting for Tony. “Kid, can’t we just go in?”

“No, we have to identify ourselves through the camera. You can’t just barge in. Well, I usually just went through the windows, but that’s besides the point.” Before Tony could say anything back, a voice sounded from the little screen that reflected the camera footage recording them.

“Tony Stark,” the person addressed, “and who is that?”

Tony shifted a bit, “This is my personal intern, Peter Parker-“ and almost immediately, the door to the elevator opened. Once they both stepped in, the elevator immediately directed them to the thirtieth floor of the building.

“That’s the Machine Room,” Peter supplied. Tony looked over and saw Peter deep in thought as he stared at a random spot on the elevator doors.

“Creative name.” Tony quipped, but it seemed to fall on deaf ears.

Once the elevator doors were opened, he was met with a room filled with all sorts of concoctions and machines he had never seen before. Tony got a little excited to soon speak to the pair of renown scientists about what he had going here.

Before he could comment on everything in the room, the four people from the footage Bruce had shown him walked into the room. There they were. They weren’t in fancy suits or anything, but Tony could tell they were a unique bunch. Richards had two streaks of greying hair on the sides of his head. The blonde woman’s body was in the middle of appearing from thin air. The blonde boy’s body was smoking. Then, there was that massive dude that had skin made of rocks.

~**~

Peter swallowed hard. There they were. They looked a little frantic, but he couldn’t care less. He focused on the blond he had *dead in his arms* a few days ago. There he was. No blood. No limp, lifeless body. No last words.

He felt his breath hitch.

The blue-eyed son of a bitch ran over to him, and Peter remembered their height difference at this age. When they were in their late twenties, they were pretty much the same height. But, in their teenage years? Johnny was a good three inches taller than him even though he still had somewhat of a baby face.

His vision got blurry, but Peter tried his best to *stay in the present*. He was not going to let his mind go back to that street again. Not here, not now.

As Johnny got closer to him, Peter took a step back. He felt him place his hands on Peter's shoulders. "Pete, do you know who I am?"

And then Peter's mind blanked because *what* ?

"What?"

"Do you know my name? Do you have memories of us? What's my favorite food?"

Whatthefuck, whatthefuck, whatthefuck, "What the fuck--"

"PETER JUST TELL ME," he shook Peter gently.

"Uh, uh, you're Johnny Storm, and yeah I do, like a good amount I'd say. You like filet mignon, you won't shut up about it every time I--" And then he was in a bone crushing hug. This was so... what? "Why- does this mean--"

Johnny let him go and looked at him in the eyes, "Yes, you absolute idiot, I'm alive." Peter stared at him. He looked at his wide eyes, his parted lips, and to his chest that was going up and down because he was *breathing* . He focused and he heard a rapid heartbeat, and then he looked back up at his face.

Peter didn't stop himself from sobbing into Johnny's shoulder and clutching onto him tight while he hugged him. Johnny hugged him back and they stayed like that. For a bit, Peter wasn't keeping track of the time.

And then some fucker cleared their throat causing them both to stop hugging each other. Of course, the fucker turned out to be Tony Stark. "So, what? All of you here are from the future?" Peter looked around and saw Sue, Reed, and Ben nod at Stark. He sighed.

Peter crossed his arms, "Alright, so, can someone give me a run-down? Because I was never informed of this plan. I mean, I would've *loved* to be included, y'know, but it's *fine* --"

"Jesus, calm down Peter, Reed?" Sue interrupted, and Peter smiled. He missed this.

Reed shifted, "Okay, well, what happened was--"

Then Ben interrupted, "I'll save 'im the sciencey details. We were supposed to go, just the four of us to the past. Only a few months back, right?" Reed nodded. "But Johnny was still out there fightin' an' we didn't have the time, so Reed did some weird science shit and got the portal to open wherever Johnny was."

Sue took over, "We didn't know Johnny was... dead. But, turns out, you were right there, I guess. So you were transported instead. Johnny was never supposed to be able to make it. His conscious was gone."

Johnny looked back at Peter, "We still don't know how the hell I'm still alive."

Peter took a moment and processed everything. Reed spoke up again, "The fact that his body was there near the portal shouldn't have... resurrected him." Both Sue and Reed looked pained when they mentioned Johnny's supposed death.

Peter thought for a minute about what had happened when the portal thing opened. Johnny's hand on his shoulder comforted him while he tried remembering.

And then, he remembered about him not wanting Johnny's body burnt to shit and froze. "Pete, what is it?"

Peter looked at all of them with wide eyes, "When the portal thing opened, I thought it was some weird light beam thing some dude was gonna use to kill me. I thought I was gonna get, like, decimated, so I shielded Johnny's body because- because I didn't want his body to... y'know."

There was a beat of silence. Reed spoke up, "Peter... you saved Johnny's life. I'm assuming you cradled him somehow, and since you were... yes, yes, that makes sense." Sue rolled her eyes at Reed's habit of never finishing his sentences whenever he had some sort of scientific epiphany. Peter looked over at Johnny who was staring at him like he had hung up the stars.

Johnny got closer as the others around them started discussing things and said in a quieter voice, "Peter Benjamin Parker, I'm so lucky to have you."

Peter felt his cheeks warm up as he leaned closer, "No, I'm lucky to have y--"

"I swear to god, if you say *you're* the lucky one I'm going to actually decimate you." Johnny pressed a kiss on Peter's lips.

He smiled, "I'd like to see you try, matchstick."

"Oh, you think I won't, sticky-fingers?"

Peter cringed and stuck his tongue out in disgust, "Ew, please don't tell me you just called me *sticky-fingers*."

Johnny's smile grew, "I'm just stating the truth, sticky-fingers."

"Oh God, please stop, out of all possible nicknames, you chose sticky-fingers?"

"Shut up, I'm being *unique* and *original*. I bet I'm the first person to call you that."

"There's a reason you're the first to call me that, Storm."

"Oh, so now we're on a last name basis, Parker?"

"When you have the gall to call me sticky-fingers, yes. Even the Hulk's nickname for me was better." Peter's heart fluttered at their banter.

"And what was that?"

"Bug-man," Peter smirked.

Johnny stared at him, "Are you kidding? Bug-man? At least I'm creative."

~**~

For the first time in ever, Tony Stark felt like he didn't belong. He subtly leaned against one of the weird machines and observed the room. Sue Storm and the rock guy were asking Reed Richards things while Richards showed them holographic diagrams.

He turned his head and looked over at the blond- *Johnny* and Peter. Both of them were smiling at each other and seemed to be joking around with each other. Their close proximity made Tony

realize that they might be more than friends. When the blond kissed him briefly only confirmed it. The way the kid had run to Peter the second he saw him made him happy to know that more people cared about his kid. Especially with the revelation that Peter had covered what they thought was Johnny's dead, long-gone body with his own so it wouldn't get burnt. It sounded like such a Peter thing to do, but at the same time it made his heart sink.

Why hadn't Peter gotten out of the way if he thought the thing was going to kill him?

The thought unsettled him, so he decided not to think about it any more.

He realized how everyone in the room had such a *dynamic*. Even when they were just discussing how the Johnny boy had lived, it was so natural. They played off of each other so well that it made Tony embarrassingly jealous. There he was, only being able to awkwardly break the silence with this Peter while this new team just *clicked* with the kid.

He was going to have to try harder.

Chapter End Notes

did yall enjoy it?? leave a comment and let me know!! it helps!! next chapter will be up on wednesday!

Back to School

Chapter Summary

peter goes back to school and brings johnny with him

Chapter Notes

this starts in peter's pov but most of it is in Ned's POV :)) he is muy confused

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You’re going to have to go back to school.”

“No.”

Sue sighed and glared at him for a few seconds. “Peter. Reed, Stark, and I need a few days, maybe a week, to fix the time traveling machine. You can’t cause suspicions from the people who don’t know you’re... you.”

“Sue, you can’t do this to me. Why must you torture me this way-“

“Jesus, Johnny’s rubbing off on you.”

“That’s an idea!” Johnny burst into their conversation out of nowhere, “How about I go with him?”

Peter and Sue stared at him silently. Sue was the first to speak, “You were homeschooled your entire high school career.”

“You could put it off as me experimenting!”

Peter looked over at Sue and shrugged, “Not that bad of an idea.”

Sue groaned and put her hands on her hips looking unimpressed, “Fine, whatever.” She turned and left, closing the door behind her.

He smiled widely at Johnny, and he snickered back. He walked over to Peter looking amused, “Y’know, until now, I haven’t noticed how short you are at this age.” They were in Johnny’s room now, and it was around six at night.

Peter frowned, “I’m not even short, you’re just tall. Tall ass.”

Johnny looked even more amused, “That’s what they all say.”

Peter gaped at him, “Three inches is nothing, you dunce.”

“It’s three whole inches?! Pete, you’re so tiny at- what is it? Sixteen?”

“Fifteen. You’re the one who’s sixteen.”

“Still can’t believe I forgot this glorious height difference from when we were teens.” Peter was about to retort when he suddenly felt his phone vibrate in his pocket. He took it out to check the message assuming it was Aunt May asking about the “project” he was working on with Tony Stark. He looked at the screen and read:

Ned

dude why didn't you come to school today??

“Oh shit,” he muttered. He started to think about what to text back.

“What is it?” Johnny leaned in to check who it was. “Ned? Didn’t you guys stop talking after you started college?”

Peter ran his fingers through his own hair, “Yeah, I completely forgot about him.” Okay, they didn’t necessarily have any sort of dramatic argument after they graduated high school. They just... drifted apart. Ned had moved to Massachusetts for MIT while Peter stayed in New York for ESU. After that, it was difficult to keep in touch and eventually they just stopped communicating with each other. It was a little sad, but Peter got more or less used to things like this happening as he got older.

Johnny’s voice got him out of his thoughts, “You should tell him that you’re running away to Paris with me.”

“Shut up.” He thought for a moment and quickly texted back.

got caught up helping may redecorate yesterday and slept in sorry

“That’s good, right?” He looked up at Johnny as he sat down on his bed.

He shook his head and sat beside Peter. “Even at this age you were lying about spidey business. Can’t believe I fell for a manipulative-“

Peter laughed and gently shoved him, “I hate you.”

Johnny smiled softly and turned to him, “You know, before this all happened. I... I just wanna let you know, I meant it, ‘kay? Every time I said it, I really do love you, Pete. And you... shielding my body from being- being burnt?” He took Peter’s hand, “You’re really special to me.”

Peter was speechless. His cheeks were burning which probably meant his face was beat red, but he couldn’t care less. He looked at Johnny’s face and saw that it was full of raw emotion.

He smiled and cupped Johnny’s cheek with his hand, “Wouldn’t have done it any different. I love you too, flame-brain.” The blond chuckled and leaned in to kiss the brunette. They closed their eyes and let themselves sink into the kiss.

Peter missed moments like these so much. He felt his heart beat faster, and there was a massive amount of happiness flourishing inside him.

He wished they could stay like this forever. To forget about everything else and just be with each other.

~**~

Ned thought Peter was acting weird. Weirder than usual.

At this point, he was used to the usual of Peter disappearing randomly or coming in late in the mornings with random bruises. He knew it was Spider-man related. It always was.

Ned was used to it. He really was. Sure, he got lonely sometimes when Peter was gone to tend to some ridiculous dude wrecking the city, but it was fine. He was totally used to it.

But, this was different. Ned walked into his first period class which doubled as his homeroom. He had this class with Peter and they'd usually spend the twenty-five minutes of homeroom talking about Peter's latest Spider-man business and/or gushing about some Star Wars related thing. They always sat next to each other in the two seats at the back of the classroom near the window. After Ned had checked in with the teacher for attendance, he turned and was... confused.

There in his seat was some blond guy he'd never seen before. Both Peter and him were chatting away and laughing. Ned walked over, and the closer he got, the more annoyed he became. Who even was this guy? How come Peter was so close to him?

When he finally reached the pair, he stopped in front of them. "Hey dude, who's this?" Peter looked up at him with an expression that Ned could only describe as surprised. But, why would he be surprised? If anything, Ned's the one who has the right to be surprised.

"This is, uh, Johnny. Johnny Storm, and he's new. He's staying at Midtown for a while. Well, more like a week. I think." Ned sat down in the empty seat in front of Peter. Not the one next to him like usual, the one in front of him that made him have to turn his chair to face his best friend.

Johnny shifted, "So, Ned right?" he smiled. All Ned could think about was how that smile seemed so *rehearsed*. It was the same smile all of the famous influencers wore that Ned guiltily followed and admired. Nothing like the warm and genuine smile Peter always wore on his face.

"Yeah," he turned to look at Peter, "Hey man, I got the new Lego Millennium Falcon set. Do you wanna build it at your place later?" Usually, when he asked Peter about Lego sets and stuff like that, his friend would reply normally and just say something along the lines of "No way dude!" or "Can't wait!" *Usually*.

Almost immediately after Ned mentioned the Lego set, Peter's face turned beat red. He looked embarrassed as all hell which just made Ned feel a little insecure even though Peter always shared the same enthusiasm as him about their nerdy interests. He leaned back on his chair and crossed his arms, trying to relax a little onto his chair. "Uh, I'm kinda busy. Like, this entire week. Maybe next week?"

Johnny had looked like he was trying to hold in a laugh, but failed miserably because he was still snorting while looking at Peter. Ned was used to people making fun of his and Peter's nerdy obsessions, and they both usually just brushed it off with the occasional getting their voices down to a whisper to continue talking about these things. Peter never seemed super ashamed of it at all,

and neither was Ned.

But, right now? Peter was flustering like crazy and nervously smiling. He noticed Peter kicking Johnny's foot under the desks, but Ned didn't acknowledge it. He almost felt like he was the only one being made fun of. He turned away from the new guy (who was starting to annoy Ned) and Peter. He took his phone out of his back pocket and quickly texted Peter.

is it spiderman stuff??

Peter

not rlly i just wanna catch up on all the classes. im mad confused on everything bc ive been patrolling sm

Ned huffed and started to scroll through his Youtube Recommended page. He wasn't necessarily mad at Peter, he was just... not really enjoying the new addition to their routine. It was always Ned, Peter, and— most recently— MJ. Even when MJ turned their duo into a trio, it was comfortable and gradual. This Johnny guy came out of nowhere and completely threw everything off.

He distantly noted that Peter and Johnny's talking became more of mumbling to each other after Ned turned away from them.

The rest of that Tuesday went on just as weird with Peter. Whenever it was just him with Ned in a class, he acted confused about half the stuff Ned brought up and shrugging off a lot of his usual concerns. When the teacher caught him dozing off (which he was already doing a lot anyway before this day), Peter just sat back up and nodded while continuously looking bored with whatever was going on. Ned was always quietly amused whenever Peter got woken up by a teacher and *usually* he'd stutter out an apology with an excuse and have his cheeks redden. Today it seemed like he couldn't care less about anything.

Whenever Johnny was in a class that Peter was in with Ned, Peter would spend the whole period chattering nonstop with him (as much as he could during class). Sometimes, Ned swore they were flirting with each other.

Whenever it was him, Peter, and MJ, Ned noticed how Peter would stare at MJ a little too long sometimes before focusing back onto the conversation they were having. And, if they weren't talking, Peter would focus all his attention to the pencil in his hand.

Point was: Peter was acting really fucking weird. He wasn't acting like he usually did. Ned couldn't say specifically what was wrong with him, but he was *different*.

During their lunch period, MJ was dead set on finishing *The Help* while Johnny and Peter kept exchanging random banter. Ned had taken out his phone to watch a gameplay reveal of a video game he was anticipating, but he discreetly muted his earbuds to listen in.

"No, Peter, that's not how you eat a pizza slice. What are you?"

"Oh yeah? *Now* you're insulting how I eat pizza?"

“I can’t believe I’ve never noticed this- this gruesome act you always do.”

“How is it gruesome-“

“ *How*- Are you serious? You’re folding the pizza to eat it!”

“Okay and? Why can’t I fold the pizza?”

“You’re supposed to eat it normally! Like a slice of pizza! Why are you eating it like it’s some sort of weird ass pizza sandwich thing?”

“This is how I eat pizza, and I am not changing my way of living just to please you.”

“Oh jesus-“

“I’m Jewish. How many more ways are you gonna offend me today?”

“Are you kidding me-“ And that’s when Ned decided to turn the volume back up on his earbuds and focus back on the video he was watching.

It kind of bothered him how comfortable they were with each other. How did they get *that* talkative with each other in less than a day of knowing each other?

When it was finally the end of the day, Ned went to Peter’s locker. Sure enough, there he was again. Johnny Storm. Peter was mostly covered by the door of his open locker, and the blond was leaning on his outstretched arm that was resting on the other lockers. Again, Ned wondered if the guy had any sense of personal space.

As he approached, he heard part of their conversation.

“-or that I’m a pen pal.”

He heard Peter sigh, “I am not telling my classmates that you’re a pen pal just so you can m-“ He stopped talking and turned around to face Ned. Peter gave him a tired smile, “Hey, Ned.”

That was another thing. Peter was always bursting with energy and talking non-stop with Ned. He practically jumped with every step when he wasn’t injured or having a bad day. Even on his bad days, he was full of life, and the happiness was always contagious with Ned.

Today was different. Peter walked like he was in a rush half the time and like he couldn’t care less if he made it to any class on time the other half of the time. Every time Flash made a distant insult about Peter, he didn’t ignore it or tense up a little like he used to. Peter just let out a long breath and looked like he was annoyed out of his mind. Sometimes he’d even break a pencil he was holding. His smiles were always tired and his eyes weren’t sparkling with wonder.

Ned stopped in front of Peter and Johnny, “Peter, MJ said Decathlon’s canceled because Mr. Harrington’s out. Should I meet you at the flag pole or...”

Peter bit his lip, “Actually, S- Mr. Stark wants me to go to the... tower right after school. Sorry, kid. Man. Dude.” Johnny cringed a little behind Peter and turned away.

Since when did Peter call him “kid”?

Ned narrowed his eyes at him. “Cool, I guess.” He walked away disappointed. What was going on with his friend?

Chapter End Notes

did yall like it?? leave a comment and let me know!! hope you liked ned's pov i tried my best ;-; bonding time w tony next chapter! it'll be up on saturday!!

The Other Side

Chapter Summary

Tony and Peter have some bonding time, and Peter leaves him some advice.

Chapter Notes

tony POV for most of this!!

TW: DEPICTION of a BRIEF PANIC ATTACK

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Johnny and Peter sat in a comfortable silence in the car ride back to the Baxter Building. Happy was driving them, but Peter had barely seen him after the falling out he had with Tony Stark, so he wasn't really sure what he could really say to him.

As he rested his head on Johnny's shoulder, he thought about that school day. He felt awkward as all hell around Ned. Don't get him wrong, he never had anything against the guy and he only has good memories with him from high school. But, people drift apart and Peter couldn't help but feel weird around him. Especially when Ned started bringing up things Peter doesn't even remember at this point. He had caught up on what was going on in the world, but he never exactly kept a journal during his high school years.

Ned had brought up other Lego sets they'd built together and asked him things about some exams they had apparently recently taken. He also asked him stuff about homework and gossiped a bit about some kids he had completely forgotten existed. Half the time Peter was just confused on what the fuck the guy was referencing. How was he supposed to remember if Jason and Betty dated eleven years ago? And then there was the slip up of calling Ned "kid". He mentally slapped himself because of his habits with Miles. He realized he was unconsciously treating Ned like Miles when the pair of spider-men had first met.

Then there was MJ. Peter and her had started dating when they were nineteen and then broke up when they were twenty. Only to get back together two months later and then break up again when they were twenty-one. After that, they'd stayed very close friends. She was still one of his closest friends. It was... weird to see her so young again before their messy relationship had begun. Especially before they had actually started feeling attracted towards each other.

And of course, the resurgence of memories of him playing with fucking Legos in high school. Johnny bothered him about it for a bit earlier that day, but Peter was still annoyed. Johnny and him met when they were teenagers, sure, but they only got close in their twenties. Even then, Peter had long forgotten about his weird Lego obsession. Which was why it was apparently *so funny* to Johnny.

"Whatchya thinking about?" Johnny asked him as he started playing with his hair.

Peter made a quick note about how the sound proof glass between them and Happy was closed. “Just about the day today. It felt weird seeing people and shit.”

“Oh yeah, did you see MJ? Damn, she was scary even back then.”

Peter chuckled, “She has the same same face, and it’s so funny. Even without the red hair it’s so obviously her.”

“Anything else on your mind?”

“Not really. Just... really happy you’re here with me.” Peter briefly remembered that moment he had in that alley way. He was so ready to just... give up. Rest.

“How were you? Before you knew what was going on, I mean.”

Peter swallowed. “I was in a really... ugly place actually. Y’know, like, everything was basically... gone.” His heart started beating a little faster, but he forced himself to relax with Johnny’s hand still in his hair. “I felt really lonely. Didn’t see much of a point in anything anymore. Everyone was...”

Dead. Alone. Dead. Dead. Alone. Alone.

“gone.” Peter froze for a second. For a second, his mind went somewhere else. For a second, he was on that street again. For a second, he was next to Harry’s dying body again. For a second, he had Gwen’s body in his arms again. For a second, he was staring at May’s missed call on his phone again.

Johnny shifted and met Peter’s eyes with his own. “Hey, it’s all over now, ‘kay? Everyone’s okay, and you’re okay.”

Peter looked at those electric blue eyes of his. “What about- what about everyone I couldn’t save?” He saw everything start to get blurry.

“Pete, you’re doing your best, and you’re amazing at being a hero. You’re a hero, ‘kay? You’ve already saved hundreds of lives. You can’t... you can’t always save everyone. No one can.”

Peter pressed his forehead against Johnny’s. “Okay.”

~**~

Tony took a sip of his coffee as he watched Peter scroll through his phone on the kitchen counter. It was 10 PM and Tony was prepping himself for a long night of adding an upgrade to his own suit. He walked over and stood on the opposite side of the counter where Peter was at, “What’re you lookin’ at, kid?”

Peter huffed a little in annoyance at the “kid” nickname, but didn’t comment on it. “I got caught up on what’s happening around the world already.” He leaned back on the chair, “but, today I was completely lost on what the- Ned was talking to me about, so I’m just looking through old pictures and videos.” He let out a small chuckle, “I mean, I’m still young, but this shit was, like, a decade ago for me.”

Tony sat down across from him and sipped more of his coffee. He looked at the little spots on the counter design.

Why hadn't Peter gotten out of the way if he thought the thing was going to kill him?

Tony exhaled a long breath at the recurring thought and rubbed a hand down his face. "Hey, I wanted to ask you about something." He looked up and then Peter's eyes met his. Even if Peter *looked* fifteen, his eyes looked way too mature for his face. They looked exhausted as they focused on Tony.

He put down his phone and leaned over a little towards Tony, "Spit it."

Tony remembered what his therapist told him and tried holding eye contact, "When Storm and Richards said you shielded the kid's--"

"Johnny Storm." Peter smiled.

"When you shielded Johnny Storm's body," Tony inhaled, "why didn't you move out of the way?"

Peter broke eye contact and leaned back a bit. He was silent for a minute as he thought. Tony didn't know what he was expecting as an answer (well, he had an idea, but he'd rather not consider it). The closest thing Tony could think of was that there was no time to move.

But didn't Peter have enhanced speed- Tony blinked and looked back at Peter who was still silent.

Finally, Peter moved and took in a breath to speak. He looked back at Tony and sighed. "Listen, I don't- I'm not sure how close we were when I was fifteen, but did we usually have deep talks?"

Tony frowned, "What do you mean you're 'not sure'?" He couldn't help but wonder if something had happened between them. His chest clenched a little at the thought of losing his relationship with Peter in the coming years. How'd he manage to fuck up a relationship with a kid he saw as a ~~mentee~~ *a son*?

He saw Peter groan with the realization that he said something he shouldn't have. He rolled his eyes, "Fuck, shit, I didn't mean to bring that up. Can you just forget I said that?"

Tony furrowed his eyebrows at Peter's avoidance with the topic, "Nuh uh, you can't back away now. Kid, what happened?"

Peter rested his chin on his hand and his elbow on the counter. He avoided eye contact, "Well, let's see. When I was seventeen, you just sorta started to pretend I didn't exist. You stopped answering my calls, and you were always busy so our little lab days stopped too." Tony took note of how Peter's leg started bouncing slightly as he continued, "Next time I saw you... you didn't say much, I mean, it was in suit too. I tried stopping you after for a talk after the fight was over, but you just said something like 'no time to chat, kid' and blasted off." He leaned back and crossed his arms. Peter locked eyes with Tony, "So, really, you tell me what I did to upset the great Tony Stark."

Now, Peter's face held a determination mixed with frustration that Tony had never seen on the kid before. He froze with the realization of what he probably did. He had an episode of sorts, started to overthink, and decided to cut ties with his kid because of whatever fuckery his mind had convinced him of. He had done it with Pepper at one point, but he couldn't really escape Pepper so they talked it out.

So, of course, with Peter not having to cross his path every day and only seeing Tony whenever Tony himself invited him over, it made sense that they never got the chance to talk it out.

Tony felt a pit in his stomach as he realized how painfully clear the situation must have been. But, only to him. How would Peter have known?

Then, Peter's voice stopped his train of thoughts, "Wanna share with the class, *Mr. Stark* ?" Tony flinched at the bite the kid's voice held at the name he usually yelled to get Tony's attention. So different from the "*Mr. Stark, I stopped some drug dealers today!*"

Tony inhaled and exhaled. "Kid, I think... I know what happened." He broke eye contact and looked at the spots on the counter, "I have these episodes. I overthink and drill crazy ideas into my brain. I push people away who I think that, at the end of the day, don't give a shit about me *when they do* ." He cleared his throat, "I did it to Pep once, but she was my assistant at the time, so she forced me to talk it out with her. You don't *have* to see me, so we probably just never... talked it out, I guess."

He hesitantly looked back up at Peter who had softened his gaze. He took a deep breath, "I'm probably not gonna try to contact the Tony Stark in my timeline when I do get back, to be honest. It's been *way* too long, and I'm happy with how my life was- *is* ." Peter's expression turned into that of content for a few seconds before looking back at Tony. Tony couldn't help but feel a little happy that Peter had managed to find happiness, even if he wasn't included. "However, that doesn't mean that you can't avoid *this* ," he gestured at both of them with his hands a little wildly, "from happening between you and your Peter. You can fix it before it becomes pointless to try." He smiled softly.

Tony gave him a small smile back, "Thanks, Peter."

"Anytime, dude. Shit, I can't believe my voice was this high." He laughed as he absentmindedly touched his throat.

A comfortable silence settled between them before Peter spoke up again, "About what you asked earlier..." Tony noticed his hesitation. "I know it sounds weird coming from me especially since I wasn't thinking," he lazily pointed at his head, "like this at fifteen. But, I'm just... tired. I'm so tired." He ran a hand through his hair, "So much stuff has happened. So many... people have gone. I thought I- I lost my everything. I felt so *alone* . I didn't really... see a point anymore. So, I just kinda let it happen." He bit his lip.

Tony felt a pang in his heart for his kid. He didn't know- he *couldn't possibly imagine* what had happened throughout Peter's life leading up to this point.

What will happen. He swept the thought to the side for now.

Tony swallowed, "Things are going to look really ugly. It could feel like rock-bottom sometimes," Tony silently thanked his therapist from all those years ago, "but don't give up yet. You'll always find a way to make it worth living. You can't always save everyone."

Peter froze for a second and blinked away his glassy eyes. He smiled, "Sorry, you just reminded me of something someone else told me. I- thanks. For telling me that. I'll try to remember that."

Tony smiled and made a mental note to always be there for his timeline's Peter. To offer a place to vent his feelings.

Peter whistled, "Well! It's getting pretty late, don't ya think?" He cracked his knuckles and stood up. "I think that's enough therapy talk for me for tonight." Peter started to walk down the hallway to his room. Before closing the door to said room, he yelled, "Sweet dreams, old man!"

Tony huffed out a small laugh before taking a final sip of his coffee which had gone cold by now.

Tony thought for a moment. And he was scared. He was afraid for Peter, and what'll happen to

him. Because even if he tried to stop those things, even if he knew exactly what happened, he knew it wouldn't be possible. He felt a massive weight on his shoulders with the knowledge that Peter would be so tired of life at *twenty-six*. He was too young to be thinking like this.

Yet, he thought about a phrase Peter had said during his little vent.

"I thought I- I lost my everything."

He could more or less assume, from what he learned the day before, that the person that Peter had thought he lost was Johnny Storm.

He smiled at how Peter called the blond boy his "everything" without thinking. And if what Happy had told him was true, then that just made Tony smile wider.

"Tones, they were all over each other. I felt like I was invading their privacy! It was adorable!"

The next day, when Peter and Johnny had come back from school, and Tony was taking a break from helping out Richards and Storm, he started to notice little things about the way they both interacted together.

"That teacher of yours, Mr. Harrington, he's such a loser." The way they talked with the casualness of a married couple.

Peter gaped, "Stop being rude, hotshot." The countless nicknames for each other.

"Come on, have you seen him? Do you know if he's divorced?"

Peter snickered, "Why do you care if he's divorced? D'you wanna get in his pants by any chance?"

"God, no! Gross!"

"C'mon, y'know you wanna stroke that bushy beard of his."

"Peter, stop! You're giving me shivers just thinking about it!"

"Shivers of *pleasure*- "

Tony smiled amusingly at himself as he overheard their conversation. Suddenly, he noticed Sue Storm's presence next to him.

"You know, I still can't understand how the hell they're friends, but at the same time I can."

"What do you mean?"

Sue shifted a little, "Johnny's so flashy and brash about everything he does," she bit the donut that Tony just noticed she was holding, "and Peter's the complete opposite of that."

Tony raised his eyebrows, and Sue continued, “But they’re both impulsive and annoying little shits that get on my nerves almost every day, so I can see how they get along so well.” And with that, she disappeared. Tony didn’t know where she went which kind of scared him a little.

He looked back at the two boys. Peter was rubbing a string cheese on Johnny’s face while the blond looked like he was about to puke.

Chapter End Notes

did yall like it?? leave a comment and let me know :) next chapter will be posted on tuesday!

Johnny Storm

Chapter Summary

Johnny's point of view on everything that has happened.

TW for BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF PANIC ATTACK

Chapter Notes

it's a long one!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Johnny was dying in Peter's arms, he felt ready... in a way. He was never suicidal, but he wasn't going to deny the fact that he was bleeding out with little time left.

He usually imagined his death to be in a hospital bed surrounded by his family. Maybe by making a massive, heroic sacrifice. He never considered dying in a lonely street in the arms of the love of his life.

After they had finished the most recent battle with some other villains, Peter had helped him walk away from the scene. He kept telling him reassurances as they tried to make their way to the Baxter Building to get to the Med Bay.

"We're gonna get you fixed up, and you'll be good as new."

"Sue's gonna kill you for getting all the blood over her floor, y'know?"

"It's not that far away, we'll make it. Just gotta walk a little more."

"C'mon, baby, stay with me. If you're unconscious, who am I gonna chat with on our little walk to the Med Bay?"

Johnny didn't fail to notice Peter's eye getting glassy through the cracked lens of his mask. He was starting to feel his legs going numb, and he weakly nudged Peter's shoulder, "I can't- I can't feel my legs," he choked out.

Peter looked at him immediately and Johnny saw tears starting to fall out of the eye he could see, “That’s fine, I’ll just- I can carry you. Bridal style, right? C’mon, let me just-“

“Peter. I can’t keep going.” He grimaced at the numbing pain in his abdomen.

“N-no, Johnny- I- I just need to carry you. Let me carry you-“ And then Johnny collapsed onto the ground. Peter gently laid Johnny’s head down on his lap with the most care in the world.

Peter snatched off his mask, and Johnny immediately recognized that face. He was panicking and he was struggling to breathe. His thick brows were scrunched up and there were tears running down his face as his eyes darted all over Johnny’s body. His heart broke at the sight.

He felt something hot suddenly catch in his throat, and he coughed up some metallic tasting liquid. He smiled weakly at Peter, “Hey, Pete, c’mon.” But the brunette showed no signs of listening to him, and Johnny heard Peter’s breathing get quicker. “Pete, calm down, it’s gonna be okay, alright?” He tried reassuring him. He couldn’t leave Peter having a massive panic attack over his dead body.

Those hazel eyes met his own, “Johnny, please don’t- don’t say that. You’re gonna- you’re gonna get back up, okay?” Johnny relaxed a little more as Peter’s panicking turned into sobbing. It still ached him to see him cry this much, but it was better than seeing him struggling to breathe.

“I don’t... I can’t, Pete. But you’ll be okay, alright? I love you so so much, okay?” He felt his eyes getting droopy and he started losing more feeling around his body. Peter nodded repeatedly at him, and if Johnny wasn’t dying, he’d make a joke about his head bobbing up and down like one of those bobblehead dolls.

“I- I love you too, flame-brain. God, I-“ Johnny let out a little laugh at the little nickname that he’d never get tired of hearing. He saw black spots cloud his vision. Then, he had closed his eyes and took one last breath.

It was weird waking up again only to relive the time him and his family had crash landed in their illegally driven spaceship. When they got out, Johnny was quickly explained by Sue and Reed that they had meant to time travel a few months before the war broke out, but they went too far.

Then, Johnny had explained to them that he had died, and he’d never forget their confused and relieved expressions at the realization that he had essentially been resurrected.

When Peter came knocking at their door a day later with Tony Stark in tow, they had immediately let them in. Obviously, Johnny remembered Peter’s brief internship under Stark, and Stark was probably there to question them about the crashing spaceship situation.

But, Johnny couldn’t help himself from running over at this *tiny Peter ohmygod he’s so small*.

He grabbed Peter’s shoulders and looked at him because fuck it, he wasn’t thinking anything through and they were leaving soon anyway, might as well fuck around this timeline a bit. “Pete, do you know who I am?”

And then Peter gave him that look he always gave him when Johnny said something stupid, “What?”

He really hoped he got something out of this because he did not want to slug around for a week with two busy scientists and an insufferable rock. “Do you know my name? Do you have memories

of us? What's my favorite food?"

"What the fuck-" And he swore he saw recognition in those stupid hazel eyes.

"PETER JUST TELL ME."

"Uh, uh, you're Johnny Storm, and yeah I do, like a good amount I'd say. You like filet mignon, you won't shut up about it every time I-"

And Johnny had never felt so happy in his life. He hugged Peter as tight as he could because the last time he saw him he could barely even move his body, and Peter was crying more than he had ever seen him cry since May's-

"Why- does this mean-"

"Yes, you absolute idiot, I'm alive." And then Peter stared at him for a bit before hugging him back and crying into his shoulder. Jesus, this boy was such a crybaby sometimes.

When he learned about what Peter did when he thought he was going to get incinerated, Johnny almost cried right then and there. Later that night, he told Peter he loved him, *again*.

The brunette decided to spend the night with the four that day in Johnny's room. In Johnny's arms.

Going to Peter's school the first day was an interesting experience, to say the least. The kid, Ned, gave him a few dirty looks for a reason Johnny couldn't figure out. MJ was, surprisingly, like her usual self minus the dyed red hair. It was actually kind of funny how little she had changed. The only difference being that the MJ Johnny was familiar with actually talked to him.

After that, they fucked around like they usually did with each other.

But, Johnny suddenly got nervous when he remembered a very important detail.

There was an expensive silver ring in a little box waiting in his jacket back in his timeline. Even if they did go back in time a few months before the war broke out, he'd still have that little box. Johnny had bought the ring six months ago. He wasn't terrified (although it was nerve wracking to think about), but it seemed that every time he planned on actually *proposing* to Peter, something else ruined it.

The first time was almost immediately after he had bought the ring. Johnny had brought them to a luxurious restaurant paid for completely by him, but as Peter stuffed his face with some cheesecake, the Rhino decided to break out of jail.

The second time was a month later. They were in the park eating ice cream, and Johnny had the ring in his pocket. That time, the Mole Man decided to ruin their nice afternoon.

Four months after buying the ring, Johnny decided to try again at some festival. It was just like their first serious date together, and the time seemed perfect. Until the Vulture started terrorizing everyone on the Ferris Wheel.

Since then, Johnny never tried again. He had kept putting it off and then completely forgot when the war started.

Now, he was in the kitchen of his home messing around with Peter. Right as he was about to ask what Peter's thoughts on marriage were, a string cheese was shoved in his face.

He could worry about proposing when this was all over.

It was Thursday now, and from what Sue had told him, the time machine thing was almost finished.

Today, Johnny woke up before the dreaded alarm did which he was still not used to. That night, Peter decided to stay over again. He wasn't going to lie, he missed him on Tuesday night when Peter said he wanted to try to spend the night at Stark's place. He then realized that the bottom half of his face was buried in curly brown hair.

He smiled and backed away a little while still keeping his arm around Peter's waist. He turned his head and glanced at his phone briefly. They had five minutes before that screeching alarm made their ears bleed.

The sunlight was dimly lighting the room up enough for Johnny to see Peter's face. It was weird, but it was also adorable to see Peter so small again. Of course, there were the features that never changed. His hair was a brown, curly mess that he still could never calm down at twenty-six.

"Peter, we're gonna be late! What are you doing that's taking you so long?" He yelled as he walked over to their bedroom. He was met with Peter hastily slapping his hair down with a frustrated face in front of a mirror.

"My fucking hair won't," he violently ran his fingers through said hair, "go down!"

Johnny walked over and chuckled at the curls that were particularly wild that day. He patted Peter's head, "I think it's adorable."

Peter didn't flinch, "That's because you don't have to deal with it."

Johnny pecked a kiss on the brown hair, "Nope, it's cute." He smiled at the light pink dusting Peter's cheeks, "Let's go, Sue's gonna murder us."

Peter opened his eyes and immediately squinted at the almost non-existent light. It was always funny to see his permanently pissed off face every time he woke up, but with this teenage face? It was hilarious. "What's so funny?" he muttered.

Johnny snickered, "You're tiny."

"Shut up, you're tiny too. You don't get a pass."

"Dude, you're extra small though."

Peter propped his head up on his elbow, "Oh yeah? You ever realize how big your eyes were at sixteen?"

Johnny raised his eyebrows, "My eyes?"

"Yeah, they're like puppy dog eyes. Somehow they're even bluer."

“Oh, so are you saying I have a baby face?”

“Obviously, I mean,” he pinched Johnny’s cheeks playfully, “look at these rosy Shirley Temple cheeks.”

“Look who’s talking, *you* look twelve.”

“I do not!”

“Mhm.”

“That means since you’re attracted to me, it makes you a pedophile.”

“ *What-* “

“I’m calling the cops.”

“No, dude-“

“Relax, I was kidding. You’re still you and I’m still me, that’s all that matters.” And then he leaned in to kiss Johnny. Johnny smiled into the kiss and gently cupped Peter’s cheek.

And then the alarm went off making Peter jerk off of Johnny. The blond groaned and turned the alarm off. He sighed, “What if we just skip?”

“Can’t raise suspicions, hot stuff.”

“Ugh, you’re so paranoid.”

“I know, and you still love me.”

“Shut up, you sap.”

Later, when it was around 2 PM, Johnny got bored. The old ass lady lecturing them about some math formula was really getting on Johnny’s nerves, so he sneakily took out his phone under the table and shot a text at Peter.

r u busy

A minute later, he saw a message pop up.

Pete

im trying my best to not fall asleep in english. whats up

Johnny smiled to himself.

can u say ure going to the br

Pete

your textings gonna give me a seizure. sure ill be on the second floor one

Johnny smiled wider and quickly excused himself to the bathroom. He jogged up the stairs and burst into the bathroom.

Peter was there, leaning on a sink. "You're lucky no one's in here after you almost broke the door."

Johnny walked over, "Shut up."

He slammed his lips on Peter's earning a hum from the other, "Someone's *excited*."

"I told you I was bored." He smiled at Peter.

"Oh, so, your first instinct is to *use me*?"

Johnny froze, "No I-"

"God, Torchie, take a joke."

"Work on your jokes," and then Peter grabbed his jaw and kissed him again.

He started leaning a little on Peter until the brunette spoke up, "Wait, wait," Johnny immediately stopped, "let me get comfortable. The sink's digging into my back." He quickly helped Peter sit on the counter next to the sink, and they continued their little session. He placed a hand on his waist as Peter wrapped his arms around Johnny's neck.

He closed his eyes and felt Peter start wrapping one of his legs around his torso. He smiled during the kiss and put his hand in Peter's hair. Just as they began exploring each other's mouths with their tongues, Peter jerked his mouth away. Johnny admired Peter's flushed cheeks and reddened lips until he realized where Peter was looking.

He turned his head and saw some kid had entered the bathroom.

The kid looked frozen in place and didn't seem to be moving any time soon. Before he could say anything, Peter broke the silence, "Hey, Flash. My man, my day one, my ride-or-die, my bully- oh wait-"

"Penis, what the *fuck*- "

Johnny snorted at the stupid nickname, and then he realized neither of them had changed their positions. Making it very much look like they were about to go *further* than just making out. "This isn't really what it looks like, dude. I mean, yeah, we were making out, but we weren't gonna give each other a hand job or anything sexual-"

"We weren't?"

"Pete, you aren't helping-" And then Flash turned and left swiftly, shutting the bathroom door

behind him.

There was an odd silence before Peter spoke up again, “I should’ve webbed the door or something.”

“Now you thought about it?”

“Well, you didn’t exactly give me time to- oh *shit*.”

“What?”

“That kid hated me, he’s probably running off to tell someone. Like a teacher.”

Johnny locked eyes with him and Peter’s cheeks flushed even more, if that was possible. “Do you wanna get out of here? Like, through a window?”

“I don’t have my suit on me, I just have the web shooters on. My suit’s in my bag.”

“Where’s your bag?”

“In my locker.”

Johnny smiled, “You remember your locker combo?”

“Of course I do.”

He sighed and got Peter off the counter, “Of course you do.”

They quietly made their way out of the bathroom and towards Peter’s old locker. As he put in the combination, Johnny looked around the hallway. Peter whispered a “Got it,” before slinging his bag over his shoulder and slamming the locker door shut.

Both boys made their way to a nearby janitor’s closet to get Peter changed. As Peter undressed and slipped the suit on, Johnny glanced over his body, “Wow, I’m surprised you’re not a twink undressed too.”

Peter slid his mask on and muttered, “Shut up, matchstick- Ohhh nooooo.”

Johnny frowned, “What is it?”

“Karen, turn yourself off, please.” A pause, “No, I don’t give a shit, I don’t want any of these protocols.”

Johnny raised his eyebrows at the one-sided conversation. “No- *override* . What do you mean? I *am* the owner, it’s *my* suit. *Override* .”

And then Peter sighed. “What was that about?”

Peter lazily pointed at the mask, “Stark had these protocols and an AI in the suit to keep me, like, safe and stuff like I couldn’t handle myself. I guess some got activated since I put it on during school hours.” Johnny made a noise of acknowledgement, and he melted the edges of a vent cover inside the closet, quickly slipping inside with Peter behind him. “You do know how to navigate these vents, right?”

“Of course, I went to high school here and sneaked out to stop crime all the time- *obviously I don’t* .”

“So why’d you go in first?” Peter whispered back.

“I wasn’t thinking!”

“Whatever,” and so, Peter guided Johnny through the vents with the occasional “*No, you idiot.*”

Once they got out, Johnny let himself fall to the ground as he landed on his feet while Peter stuck to the wall. Peter looked at him while webbing his bag to the school’s wall, “Wanna swing around and fly a little?”

“*Please .*” And so, they hung out around the city for a while. Eventually, Peter spotted a mugging happening nearby.

“Oh shit, Torchie, c’mon,” Johnny followed Peter over to where the commotion was happening. “Hey guys,” Peter greeted the three muggers, “mind leaving that poor guy alone? He seems really uncomfortable, to be honest-“

“Spider-man?!” The tallest of the group yelled in surprise.

“Yup, that’d be me-“

Another guy piped, “Oh fuck me! He has a fire buddy now! Oh, fuck-“

“Would you stop interrupting me?!” Peter yelled as he webbed a gun away from the lead mugger’s hand and head butted him unconscious. “Jesus, here I am trying to start some conversation, and you just ruin the whole vibe!” Johnny laughed as knocked another mugger out swiftly.

Now there was only one left, and he was cowering by a building’s wall. “Oh cock, please don’t hurt me,”

Peter webbed the guy to the wall, “Now, think about what you said. How do you think that poor dude felt while you were mugging him?”

“Pretty shitty and threatened, I’d say. Kinda like how you’re feeling right now, actually.” Johnny grinned.

“Food for thought.” Peter turned to Johnny, “Race you to the usual place!” And then he quickly swung away.

Johnny groaned and lit himself on fire, “Hey, that’s not fair! You got a head start!” He flew behind Peter. The bug looked over at him, rolled his mask to his nose, and stuck his tongue out at him. Johnny’s grin grew, “Very mature!”

Peter did a backflip, “Look who’s talking!”

Johnny sped up, “Show-off!” Peter barked a laugh in response that made Johnny feel like jelly inside.

When they finally reached the crown of the Statue of Liberty, Peter immediately snatched his mask off to reveal a happy grin, “I win!”

Johnny sighed. He couldn’t believe he let this happen, especially because it’d just feed into Peter’s ego, “Fine, but don’t get too big-headed about it.”

“Don’t count on it,” Peter plopped down to sit. Johnny sat down next to him.

He saw Peter fidget a bit with his mask in his hands. Johnny looked up at the New York skyline and leaned back a little. He let out a long breath and smiled. People had always given Johnny shit for being notoriously bad at relationships. Even when he started dating Peter, the media saw it as another one of Johnny's brief muses. When they had gone public, it was Peter Parker and Johnny Storm who were dating, not the Human Torch and Spider-man.

He remembered the first few weeks being overwhelming for Peter. Random reporters had been approaching him asking about his relationship with Johnny Storm, and the poor vigilante just wasn't used to that kind of attention at all.

Hell, when Johnny saw one of the brief encounters on his phone from a media article titled "Johnny Storm's BOYFRIEND's Side!", he had genuinely felt bad about having Peter deal with this. He knew Peter was always more reserved than his alter ego would have some think. He was easy to talk to, sure, but he wasn't the type to become the center of attention himself. The video itself had been only about ten seconds long. Peter had looked out of his comfort zone and uncomfortable in front of the camera being shoved in his face.

"Peter Parkins!" Peter looked towards the camera with wide eyes and a frown. It was autumn and he was wearing a scarf with a long coat. "How is dating Johnny Storm like? How is he treating you?"

"Uh, it's fine." Peter had picked up his speed in walking, but so had the reporter.

"What're your thoughts on dating a superhero? Does he have trouble committing to you?"

Peter furrowed his eyebrows, "He's fine." He entered a random apartment building, shutting the door behind him, and then the video ended.

Johnny chuckled at the memory of the time Peter put a brown bag over his head when they were being photographed by paparazzi while they were eating at Taco Bell.

"What's so funny?" He felt Peter's eyes on him.

"Just thinking about when we first started dating, and you were living out your worst nightmare."

He shook his head, "The things I do for you."

Johnny looked down, "Can't believe you put up with that."

He heard Peter huff out a laugh, "It was pretty annoying, but it was all worth it. I didn't wanna have to sneak into an alleyway every time I wanted to give you some affection in public. That'd be frustrating," a pause, "and pretty weird."

Then there was a comfortable silence between them as they both just stared at the city together.

"Sue said the time thing was almost ready."

Silence, and then, "Are you ready?"

Johnny swallowed, "I don't know. Are you?"

"I don't know either. I don't know if we can do it. I mean, this is," he heard him take in a long

breath, “big. Like, *big* big.”

Johnny watched the clear blue sky, “You know I love you, right?”

“Yeah, I love you too.” He heard Peter shift a little. “If... I don’t make it out of this, can you take care of yourself?”

Johnny drew a shaky breath, “Yeah, yeah. I can... I’ll do my best. Don’t know what I’ll do with all the terrible fashion choices you’ve made that are somehow in our closet though.”

Don’t know what I’ll do with the silver ring.

Johnny spoke again, “Can you take care of yourself for me? If I don’t make it... again.”

“I’ll try my best too.” His eyes started tearing up as he thought about how his plans for a wedding could be all for nothing. Even if Peter didn’t want to get married, he didn’t want to think about a world just... without him. “If neither of us make it, what do you think would happen?”

“MJ would spit on our graves. Sue would throw a fit, and Ben would probably dig himself a hole to become an *actual* rock.” He heard Peter let out a small laugh. “City would probably honor you somehow.”

“Me?”

“Definitely.”

“They’d probably make a huge memorial for you too.”

“It’d have to be flashy and big. If it’s for me, I’d want it to be a historical parade with fireworks. In, like, twenty years they’d talk about it in classrooms and stuff.”

Peter laughed a little louder, “Of course, of course.” He heard Peter shift again, “I’d want mine to be like... a mural. That’d be pretty cool. Like, on some big wall somewhere.” Johnny smiled a little. “It’d have a nickname. People would be like, ‘let’s meet at the Spidey corner’.”

Johnny looked at Peter for the first time since they sat down together, “The Spidey corner?”

Peter looked at him with glassy eyes, “Yeah, they’d sell-“ his voice cracked a little, “they’d sell hotdogs and stuff on it.”

Johnny felt a couple hot tears run down his own face, “My parade would have hotdogs *and* hamburgers. All freshly- freshly made.” He heard his own voice crack at the end. He swallowed and whispered, “Pete, I don’t wanna die. I don’t wanna be gone for good.” Suddenly, he couldn’t control the tears coming down his face.

Peter held his hand tight, as if letting go would make Johnny disappear. He scooted closer until their bodies were pressed together and rested his head on Johnny’s shoulder. “I don’t wanna live without you either. I don’t wanna leave you alone- I don’t wanna go either.”

Johnny sniffled, “I don’t wanna live without you.” He squeezed Peter’s hand gently, “I can’t-“

Peter moved them until they were facing each other, “Let’s try to make sure we both don’t die,

alright?” He smiled shakily at Johnny.

Johnny rested his forehead against Peter’s and smiled back while tasting salty tears, “Yeah. Promise?”

“Promise.”

Chapter End Notes

did yall enjoy it?? lemme know in the comments! next chapter’s gonna be up on friday!

Bon Voyage

Chapter Summary

Peter and Johnny make some calls and get ready.

Chapter Notes

last chapter before the epilogue 🏠

TW: BRIEF DESCRIPTION of PANIC ATTACK

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was Friday. Sue told them the machine would be ready by the time Peter and Johnny had returned from school.

From the moment he woke up, Peter had a restless anxiety in his chest that wouldn't go away. He'd flinch at every little sound and touch. He felt like he needed to be ready to run at every second. He was on edge and uncharacteristically silent throughout half of the day.

It was his lunch period now, and he was walking towards the cafeteria on auto-pilot until a vibration in his back pocket made him jump. He leaned on a wall, and pulled out his phone to see a text from none other than Johnny.

Johnny

meet me outside the school entrance

Peter didn't bother shooting a text back, and made a beeline to an empty hallway. After doing a quick scan with his super-hearing, he decided the coast was clear and jumped out a window. After closing it back shut, he jogged towards the entrance area, and he spotted Johnny there.

After stopping in front of him, Peter looked up at him, "What's up? Did something go wrong? Are we--"

Johnny waved a lazy hand around, "Nothing's gone wrong." He looked at Peter, "Look, I know you're scared. Trust me, I can tell. I've known you really well for long enough," he cupped Peter's cheek, "but Sue just texted me saying it's gonna be ready in an hour give or take."

Peter's chest tightened, and he looked down. The noise around him slowly turned into a ringing in his ears. He couldn't breathe. He distantly heard his name, but the ringing was getting too loud. He didn't know where he was, and he couldn't breathe. *He was gonna die. He was gonna die all alone. He was gonna go back and fail even worse this time. Everyone will be even more*

disappointed in him and-

Then all he could feel was warmth around him. He blinked a few times. He was in front of his old high school. Johnny was hugging him. He felt a hand gently rub circles on his back. He focused on the touch. He focused on the birds distantly chirping. His breathing and heart slowed, and he was back.

Peter let out a small breath and whispered, "I think I'm okay now." Johnny carefully let go and smiled down at him. "Sorry about that."

"Don't apologize." Johnny kept his voice at a low volume as he spoke, "Since we're gonna... do that soon, I think you should call a few people in the meantime. Before we leave. That's what I'm gonna do too." Peter breathed and nodded. "When you're done, we'll go back to the four."

Peter nodded again, "Got it." Then Johnny turned and walked a small distance before sitting on a curb. Peter saw him hesitantly dial a phone number and put his phone to his ear. Peter sat down on the curb a couple of feet away from Johnny and took out his own phone.

He started thinking. And then he dialed the first number.

A voice answered, "Good morning, this is Harry Osborn. May I ask who this is?" He smiled. "Hello?" Peter hung up. He and Harry hadn't met yet when Peter was fifteen. He just needed to hear his voice one last time. His nose got stuffy.

He thought about calling Gwen. Just to hear her too, but he couldn't remember her number. It's been eight years since she died. His cheeks felt hot.

His hands trembled as he scrolled through his contacts. He shakily pressed the video call button, and turned off the camera on his end. His breathing started to stutter.

The confused face of a brunette woman with glasses answered. "Peter? What's up? Is there something wrong?"

Peter swallowed hard, "Hey, Aunt May." He took in every inch of her face through the screen. Every line and every angle.

"Honey, do I need to pick you up? Should I send Tony?"

Peter sniffled, "No, nothing's wrong. I'm just- I'm just bored." He noticed his phone started to shake.

"Oh, well. Are Ned and MJ both absent?"

He nodded, but then he realized his camera was turned off. "Yeah," he choked out. His knuckles turned white as he gripped the phone tighter. As if holding onto whatever he had of her would bring her back.

"Baby, I wish I could keep you company, but I've got work to do. Tony told me today about how the project's gonna be done by tomorrow. So, see you tomorrow, okay?"

Peter put a hand over his mouth to prevent himself from sobbing out loud. His eyes darted on the screen, trying to take in every last moment he had with her. He muttered, "Yeah, that's fine. I'll- I'll see you tomorrow then."

May smiled at the camera, "I love you!"

"I larb you too." Then the call ended. And Peter let himself cry for a bit.

After about ten minutes, Peter and Johnny met each other's gazes and silently agreed it was time to leave.

While Peter stuffed his phone in his pocket, he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned around and was met with a blue-eyed, blonde girl. She was shorter than him, and her smile was beaming. Peter froze.

"Hey, uh, I just moved here. I'm Gwen. Could you tell me where the main office is?"

Peter stared at her before realizing he needed to answer, "Yeah, yeah, it's right next to the- the entrance."

She smiled brightly, "Thanks, um..."

"Peter."

"Nice to meet ya, Peter." Then she turned and made her way to the front doors of the school.

He turned back around slowly. Johnny looked at him, "You okay?"

Peter nodded, "Are you?"

"Yeah, I think so."

Luckily, since it was his lunch period, Peter already had his bag so he didn't have to bother with going back inside and fetching it. They snuck into a nearby alleyway after they left school grounds for Peter to change.

Johnny held Peter's bag as he quickly changed into his red suit. "It shouldn't be *that* hard to stop the war from happening, right?"

Peter had his entire suit on now minus the mask which he held in his hands. He looked down at the dirty cement, "Well, we're not gonna be completely alone this time. The X-Men would probably join in on helping us after they listen to us. Maybe the Avengers too. I dunno, guess we'll just have to wait and see." He looked back at Johnny.

Johnny didn't meet his eyes, "Yeah. I guess so." Peter swallowed and shoved his mask on. He slung his bag over his shoulders and shot a web. They traveled back to the Baxter Building together. Both of them had an increasing anxiety in their chests the closer they got to the building.

Peter let go of his web and threw himself onto the window he was pretty sure belonged to the lab. He climbed a bit and knocked on the window. He heard Johnny floating behind him. Eventually, he saw Ben walk over to the window and open it.

"Ya boys ready?" He asked in his gruffly voice.

Peter crawled inside, "Am I ready to stop the end of the world?" He laughed, "I hope so."

Johnny extinguished himself as he stepped inside, "After this week-long vacation, I think I'm fueled up."

Sue raised an eyebrow, "Vacation? This trip was a mistake, Johnny. You know how many hours I spent on that fucking machine?"

He shook his head and smiled, “See, I’m not the scientist here. This was a nice, relaxing break for me.”

Peter snorted, “Yeah, as teenagers.”

Johnny walked over to the rest of the group, “Unimportant details.”

Tony Stark appeared with Reed in tow, ““Kay, so, this is how it’s gonna work. I’m gonna switch this thing on, and a light beam’s gonna blast on all of you. It’s blinding, so shield your eyes.”

They all nodded or made sounds of acknowledgement. Peter took a deep breath. Tony placed a hand on his shoulder briefly, “Good luck, kid.”

As Tony walked over to the switch, the five heroes prepared themselves. Reed and Sue joined their hands together. Ben furrowed his eyebrows.

Tony made a silent promise to himself to always be by his timeline’s Peter’s side. He was going to be there for his kid.

Peter and Johnny looked at each other and smiled. “Don’t die on me, flame-brain.

“Same goes to you, Pete.”

And then a blinding white light engulfed their visions.

Chapter End Notes

did yall like it?? leave a comment and let me know :) the epilogue thing is gonna be posted on mondayyy

Let's Be Better (Epilogue)

Chapter Summary

15 year-old Peter and Tony after the incident. Plus Johnny and Peter after preventing their world from falling apart.

Chapter Notes

it's the end!! starts a lil sad but ends happy dw :))

TW: BRIEF DESCRIPTION of PANIC ATTACK

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter couldn't breathe. He looked around, panting. It was dark, and he could barely see anything. He was able to see building rubble, and he felt cold rain water seep through his clothes. Peter looked down and saw his own reflection in the puddle.

He couldn't breathe again. He couldn't breathe, he couldn't breathe-

Then the reflection turned into that of Adrian Toomes. He smirked at Peter through the puddle, "You're gonna die all alone here. No one's coming."

Peter felt the cement crush his bones as it somehow got heavier. He shut his eyes in pain, but a set of footsteps made him open them again.

Peter looked up, "Mr. Stark, please. Please help me, this stuff isn't letting me breathe. My bones- I can't feel anything-"

Tony crossed his arms, "I thought you were something special. I was so wrong. You're just some orphan kid." He crouched down, still facing Peter, "Pathetic."

Peter woke up in a cold sweat. His chest felt tight, and he forced himself to calm down. He sat up still panting.

After about ten minutes, his panic attack finally settled and he could breathe again. He started thinking about everything. According to Mr. Stark, he was gone for a week. Well, not necessarily. Apparently, future Peter took his place for a week. Ned was still on edge around him for some reason, but it's only been two days. For fifteen year-old Peter, he went to sleep on a Friday night, and he woke up a week later in a lab he'd never seen before. Mr. Stark was hovering over him closer than before. That was a development.

The weekend following Peter's return, Mr. Stark had decided to have Peter stay at the Stark Tower with him. Peter didn't question it. It was fine, honest.

That didn't mean his nightmares stopped, though. Ever since all the Vulture biz, Peter had nightmares about that building on him. And that disappointed face of his idol he could never quite get out of his mind. It's been around three months since then, but Peter wasn't over it yet.

He touched his back and felt his shirt still cold and somewhat damp with sweat. He sighed and stood up. Peter decided it'd be a good idea to try to drink something cold, and maybe grab a quick snack while he was at it.

He quietly made his way over to the kitchen. It was pretty dark, so he flicked on the kitchen light. He glanced at the time on the stove.

5:34 AM

That was a new record. Earliest he had gotten up before that because of a nightmare was 7 AM. As he poured some orange juice into a cup, he started thinking again.

He remembered the rumors he had heard around the streets about a Macdonald Gargan somehow breaking out of prison. The guy had a history with murder, kidnapping, and robbery. Yeah, not the best dude. They were only rumors, though. At least, Peter hoped they were.

Tony let out a breath. He had decided to pull an all-nighter to work on a brand new upgrade for Rhodey's War Machine suit. He glanced at the time.

5:33 AM

Yeah, now was a good time to take a five minute break.

He decided to get a bag of chips from the kitchen. Maybe sour cream flavored. Pepper loved those.

He paused for a second when he realized the kitchen lights were on. Who the hell was awake?

When he actually got to the kitchen, he saw Peter. He furrowed his eyebrows in confusion.

He stopped walking. Peter seemed to not have realized his entrance as he poured some orange juice into a cup. Tony saw the back of the kid's back drenched in sweat. Was he out patrolling? At this hour?

"Hey kid, what're you doing up?" He saw Peter jump and turn to look at him. His eyes were squinted a little, and he frowned as he looked over at Tony.

He made a half-assed, vague gesture with his left hand, "Just, uh, woke up early I guess. What about you?"

"I was working on Rhodey's suit." He walked closer and stopped to lean slightly on the counter next to Peter. He noticed dark circles under the kid's eyes. All in all, he looked awful.

"However, that doesn't mean that you can't avoid this from happening between you and your Peter. You can fix it before it becomes pointless to try."

Tony swallowed and in a soft voice, he said, “There something you wanna talk about, kid? I’m all ears.”

He saw Peter look down at the cup of juice. He seemed nervous and fidgety. “I get these...” He paused. “I get these nightmares.”

Tony internally grimaced. No, he was going to help Peter through everything now. He was going to be a good mentor, he wouldn’t let their relationship go to shit because of his own mental issues.

“Do you mind saying what they’re about? Maybe venting could help.”

“My own personal, billionaire therapist. For *free*? That’s a pretty good deal.” Peter pursed his lips.

A nervous habit, Tony realized. After spending time with the future Peter, he came to notice that the guy tended to crack jokes whenever he was in an uncomfortable situation. Seems like Tony’s Peter started having the same habit already. Tony bit his lip.

Before he could say anything, Peter took a deep breath, “When I took down the Vulture, uh, I never told you this part, actually,” Peter breathed out a small laugh. “He dropped a building on me.”

Tony’s breath hitched. *A building?*

Peter continued, “I was... alone.”

“I felt so alone. I didn’t really... see a point anymore.” Tony gulped at the reminder of future Peter’s words.

“But I got it off me, so no worries. Bruises are gone, that’s good. I just get nightmares about it still. It’s been three months already, it’s really stupid, I know. I just-“

“Peter, it’s not stupid.” Tony interrupted. “That was really traumatic, and it’s normal to still be traumatized. *I* still get nightmares from stuff that happened a decade ago. Time doesn’t invalidate your trauma. It takes time to recover.”

Peter stared at him in silence. He then looked away and downed the orange juice. He licked his lips, “Thanks,” he smiled slightly, “I’ll keep that in mind.”

Tony smiled back. He was going to help Peter this time.

~~Somewhere, in the far future~~

Peter skipped over to their house’s door.

Johnny laughed, “Someone’s happy.”

Peter turned to the blond, “Duh. We literally just saved the world.” He smiled as he put his key into the keyhole.

Johnny stopped next to him, “Well, it took a few months-“

Peter shushed him, “Unimportant details.” He winked at him.

“Wow, using my own words against me?”

The door opened with a click, “Are you hungry? There’s some pizza in the fridge from Sunday.” Peter made a beeline to the kitchen. He started shuffling through the kitchen cabinet for a plate.

He heard Johnny’s muffled voice answer him from their bedroom, “Yeah, pizza sounds good!”

Peter nodded to himself and took out a second plate. He quickly took out the pizza from the fridge and threw five slices into the toaster oven. They barely all fit together, but Peter made it work somehow. He sighed. It was over. They saved... the world, basically.

He looked around and smiled at the kitchen. He was so happy to just be alive for once. And now he wasn’t alone. He had someone to go home to. Someone to share a home with. They’d be okay. Peter knew it.

All of his relationships before Johnny never really worked out because of Spidey business. That’s the main reason MJ and him never worked out. MJ was a normal person who expected and deserved her partner to actually show up and not disappear at random times. Peter couldn’t do that. Crime didn’t care if it was their date night. Crime didn’t care if they were having a nice, peaceful night together. He’d leave MJ alone half the time.

Not the mention the anxiety dating a hero brought. They’d never know if Peter would make it home alive or not. MJ became a makeshift nurse for the times Peter came home injured. Peter pretended not to notice her fear whenever he came home bleeding uncontrollably or with a concussion.

Peter would also be constantly worried about dating a normal person. If one of his enemies found out, his partner wouldn’t be able to defend themselves without Peter. Dating Gwen just proved it. MJ never got hurt by his enemies, but she could have if she stayed.

That’s why dating Johnny was such a relief. Peter didn’t have to worry about Johnny getting hurt because he could literally light anything on fire. The blond became the ruler of the Negative Zone for a brief time when he got trapped there, for fuck’s sake. There wasn’t an overwhelming fear when either of them got hurt because they both knew exactly what to do. Sure, sometimes he got scared when Johnny went unconscious, and sometimes he noticed Johnny’s breathing get shallow whenever Peter ended up gurgling on his own blood, but nothing they couldn’t handle.

Sure, he had dated Felicia Hardy, but that didn’t work out because they were just... not that compatible. Nothing superhero related, they just didn’t work well together. Johnny and him did, though. That was enough. Waking up to fingers playing with his hair was enough. Having someone with him during a panic attack was enough. Surprising his partner with the occasional home-made dinner was enough. Helping someone after they woke up from a night terror was enough.

They were there for each other, and that was enough.

Johnny clearing his throat snapped him out of his thoughts. Peter turned around and saw him standing there just smiling at Peter with his hands behind his back.

“Uh, hey?” Peter said awkwardly. Johnny was just standing there sheepishly and looking at Peter. His cheeks were flushed. What the hell was he doing? Did he spill something on the carpet, or-

Oh.

Johnny got down on one knee. Peter's eyes widened and he turned around completely. He revealed a little black velvet box from behind him and held it up to Peter.

Peter's cheeks got warm, and his heart started beating out of his chest.

He opened the box, and Peter saw a beautiful silver ring with two tiny diamonds on it. It was gorgeous.

"Peter Benjamin Parker, will you-" the toaster oven dinged. Johnny sighed with his cheeks getting redder. "Will you marry me?"

Peter was silent. His eyes darted between the ring and Johnny's flustered face. He wanted to *marry Peter*? Out of everyone he could undoubtedly end up with, he chose *Peter*? Peter felt himself grin. "Y-yeah. I mean, yeah, I will."

Johnny jumped up from where he was kneeling and wrapped Peter in a bone-crushing hug. "Oh, fuck, you had me scared for a second." Peter hugged back and laughed. Johnny let go, "You have no idea how many times I've tried to do this."

Peter smiled wider, "Really? Since when?"

"Like, almost a year ago. I tried with a fancy dinner at that expensive restaurant that one time-"

"The one where you paid the entire check?"

"Yup. And then I tried again at the park, but then the Mole Man showed up. And *then* I tried at that festival by recreating our first date-"

Peter made a face of realization, "Ooh, but then the Vulture showed up."

Johnny nodded, "Mhm."

Peter let out a big breath, "Well, wow. This is- this is great. I love this, I love you. Wow, I'm your fiancé now."

"Yeah, we can get married whenever. We could- we could have a wedding. Like, a Jewish wedding. I'm not really religious, but you are kinda, so... yeah. I know a place where they sell really nice suits, or a dress if you want-"

Peter placed a hand on Johnny's shoulder, "Johnny, calm down for fuck's sake. A Jewish wedding's great. We can figure out the details later on." He patted the blond's chest, "C'mon, let's eat this pizza."

And if that was the best pizza Peter's ever eaten, it was probably because the toaster oven was new. Definitely.

i hope you guys enjoyed the story!! lemme know what you thought about the ending!!

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